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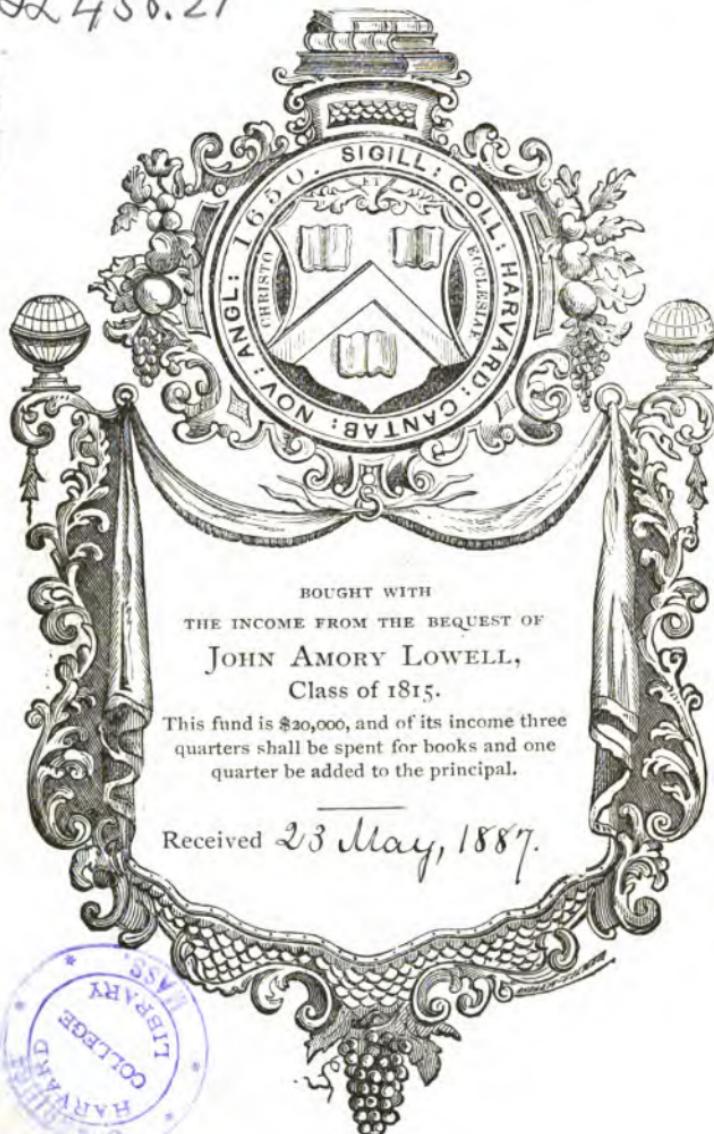
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"Dulce est periculum."

NEW VERSES
FROM THE
HARVARD ADVOCATE,
1876-1886,
REPRINTED FOR THE USE OF LATER
UNDERGRADUATES.

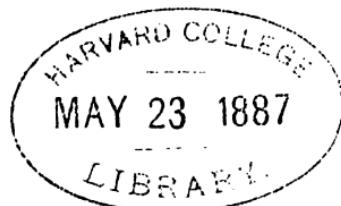
"Into his sadel he clomb anon
And priked over stil and ston
An elf-quene for to espie,
Til he so long had ridden and gone
That he fond in a privee wone
The contree of faerie."



"Veritas nihil veretur."
New York.

1887.

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TO
THE FOUNDERS OF THE "ADVOCATE,"
THE CLASS OF '67,
AND
TO
THE CLASS OF '86.

W. G. P.

" Shall we forget each other's truth,
When May yields to December?
Dear friend, pray God preserve our youth
And grant that we may e'er remember.

" In years to come, we'll form new ties,
Yet leave the old unbroken,
When to our children's lips arise
The words that we before have spoken.

" Nor need we ever fear to see
Death come, this knot to sever;
A college friendship! It shall be
For life, dear comrade, and forever."

FREDERICK W. LORING, '70.

(*PREFACE.*)

The “Harvard Advocate” has been one of the chief educational powers in the University. It has contained the best work of many of the best men in the successive classes. Its editors have maintained for it a high standard, and they have always found contributors for whom it was not too high. In a volume like this, published ten years ago, are the early poems of some men who have already won a large and enviable reputation, of which that book contains the authentic prophecy. Like prophecy will be found in the volume now given to the public, redolent of such genius, wit, and poetic inspiration as in their fair flowering give promise of a rich heritage and abundant fruitage in coming years.

ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, '26.

*Quincy St., Cambridge,
Dec. 10, 1886.*

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HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

Dedicated by a Contributor to *The Collegian*, 1830, to the Editors of *The Harvard Advocate*, 1876.

'Twas on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near ; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third—and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few,—
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that knew so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out:

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

Here stands—each youthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye—
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these !

“Come on ! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it !” “Will you ? Done !”

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear and can't tell you,—
Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind all the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay—
Lent to his sexton for the day;
(A funeral—so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor, forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down,—
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
“And are we then so soon forgot?”
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “Old Blue,”
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

“Bring forth the horse!” Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve,
As if 'twere all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein,—a sight to see!

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

So wan, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !
It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
“ Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! ”
Cried out unsentimental ‘Dan;
“ A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! ”
Budd Doble’s scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He’s not a colt, he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

“ Go !”—Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word,
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him ?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein,—
He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, “ He's going fast.”
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file !

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

Off went a shoe,—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels !
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
“ Stick on ! Stick on !” “ Hould tight ! Hould
tight !”

“ Cling round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there ! steady ! whoa !”
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And “ Stop him ! Stop him !” is the cry.
Stand back ! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one !

“ Don't rush in front ! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins !”
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look ! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round !
They're tailing off ! they're losing ground !
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail !
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail !
And see ! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out !
Now for the finish ! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove ! he's distanced all the lot !

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again !"
Some took his time,—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he couldn't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2.10 ; *that* couldn't be—
More like two twenty two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast !"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
“ That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I shouldn’t wonder, I declare,
If Brother Murray made the prayer !”

And this is all I have to say
About the parson’s poor old bay,
The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told;
A horse *can* trot, for all he’s old.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, '29.

NOTE:—"How the Old Horse Won the Bet" was read at one of *The Advocate* dinners. Mr. Lowell and Harvard's later poets, of *The Advocate* staff, were upon the course that day, to bestow the palm on "The same that drew the One Hoss Shay." Thanks are due to Dr. Holmes's publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for their permission to use the poem. We all thank the Doctor for this, and for much besides. The Doctor is the dear and ever-young colleague of all Harvard editors. With them, perennially,

"He steps a five-year-old again."

Our founders, the Class of '67, have a closer bond with Doctor Holmes in the common memory of one whom it will be always of good cheer to remember.

Our thanks and reverence for Rev. Dr. Peabody could best be expressed, as we ourselves are not gifted, in the words of our poet to "The College Pump." Of the Doctor spiritually, as truly as of the other sacred Fount materially, nearly an "Hundred classes have quenched their thirst," the fathers and their sons and their sons' sons. The Freshman who pointed out the Doctor to his mate with the words "There goes Peabody: God bless him!" was taking up an old refrain.

Though dead, Frederick Loring is a part in the happy and proud memories of *The Advocate*. He died young, but he was the leader in the path of what is to be the distinctly American school of poetry. His genius was so clear and sure, that men at home and abroad said he was to be a first star in literature. He went to Arizona and was shot by the Apaches, a younger Greek who went down among the barbarians to death,

"A college friendship! It shall be
For life, dear comrade, and forever."

We have proud and happy memories. There is said to be a paper edited by worldly young men and named *The Harvard* —, which paper or sheet has called *The Advocate* a Sleeping Beauty. Be it so. Nature and Fact should always correct Fable, and no Beauty, though bewitched, fails to turn to the glass and take an inventory of her merits, once or oftener in a cycle. Grant as much briefly in its twentieth year to *The Advocate*. The Prince to waken us to our merits is again the well-beloved Nestor of the Faculty, who told us at the last *Advocate* Dinner how much of a power *The Advocate* has been in college development, and that perhaps the ancient Faculty was a little less, and the editors of *The Advocate* a little more, in the right in the contest twenty years ago.

The Advocate was the first of college newspapers. It first printed the objective views of the *materia circa quam* on compulsory prayers and studies and on prescription in education and religion at Harvard; and it urged that professors should be friends as well as proctors, and it set forth our non-receptiveness for Scotch metaphysics and Mosaic science. *The Advocate*, something like St. Denis, offered its young head in its hand to the ancient Faculty with the motto, "Know Thyself?—never more; Know Myself." When our brethren were all but martyrs nevertheless, and President Hill wrote the letter promising expulsion to all editors at Harvard, Prof. James Russell Lowell commended our verses judiciously, and added "You know I was something of a revolutionist myself,"—a tribute we frequently recall, and more congenial we doubt than any which came in his lifetime to Leonidas..

Next Dr. Hedge, in his famous Phi Beta Kappa oration, and Colonel Higginson and President Eliot and his co-adjudicators interpreted *The Advocate's* words and put them into form for the centuries to come. All of the good work has been accomplished, except that *The Advocate* has lately stood alone to urge the cheapening of education at Harvard, and that not as for dependents on charity, but as for Americans in the Republic of letters. President Eliot is the greatest of college presidents, and his administration is the most glorious epoch in Harvard's history. But was not the "praise" partly "perfected" and "the strength ordained out of the mouths of babes?" ANTIQUARIUS.

Part I. Fair Harvard.

**Here is the Quene of Faerie,
With harpe and pipe and symphonie,
Dwelling in this place.**

ODE FOR THE 250th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION.

Mother, peerless, immortal, our lips but repeat
 The words spoken so often before,
As we timidly, rev'rently, kneel at thy feet
 And ask for thy blessing once more.
Our fathers rejoiced at thy dawn overcast ;
 We exult in thy radiant day ;
So, our sons and their sons, when our glories are
 past,
 And our names as forgotten as they.

For though mountain and river should part thee
 for aye
From the child thou hast reared at thy knee,
 The niche that he keeps in his heart is too high
 To be filled by another than thee.
The centuries fade like a mist from the glass ;
 We are gone,—why we know not, nor where ;
Yet as ever we wearily halt as we pass,
 We behold thee, still young and still fair.

Lloyd McKim Garrison, '88.

THE OLD GRADUATE.

In a comfortable corner, with his hat upon his knees,
Retired from the footlights in an attitude of ease,
With a smile for each performer and a roar for every jest,
Sits the cheery-faced old graduate, a very welcome guest.

His aged head is frosty with the snow of many days ;
His smooth and threadbare broadcloth has an antiquated glaze ;
But his wrinkled cheek is ruddy, and his eye is keen and clear,
And his speech recalls bright yesterdays of some long by-gone year.

God bless thee, aged graduate, we love thy kindly mien,
Had all mankind thy morals, what a fair world this had been ;
But some men will play the rascal and some women act the jade,
And thy presence comes like sunshine all the brighter for the shade.

W. W. Kent, '82.

THE CAMBRIDGE ELM.

Beneath the spreading boughs of this old elm—
Ere it had been forsaken by the Spring,—
When pious pilgrims for their worshipping
Had sought and found beyond King George's
realm
A peaceful home,—the pilot took the helm
To guide the Ship of State, and safely bring
It into harbor where the British king
And army powerless were, to overwhelm.

O Patriarchal Tree whose outstretched arms
Reach leafless now, storm-racked and almost
dead,
No more thy pulses stir beneath the sun ;
When Liberty was trembling with alarms,
Thine was the benediction on the head
Of her undaunted champion, Washington !

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

VERITAS.

Over the snowy hills she came
As white and pure as they ;
Her eyes were bright with lambent flame,
Her gentle eyes of gray.
I watched her through the crowded street
And busy market pass ;
Then forth I fared to meet and greet
The goddess *Veritas*.

I know not if they saw her face,
The heedless, heartless throng ;
I know my heart was filled with grace,
My lips with holy song.
Henceforth life's duties shine, revealed
Not darkly, through a glass ;
Henceforth I bear upon my shield
The motto *Veritas*.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

TO THE COLLEGE PUMP.

Your wooden arm you hold outstretched
To shake with passers-by ;
Your friends are always thirsty ones,
But you are never dry.

A hundred Classes at your lips
Have drunk, and passed away ;
And where their fathers quenched their thirst
The sons now quench to-day.

W. R. Thayer, '81.

Here lieth the body
Of Bridget, my goody.
In life she swept my room ;
But Death, who sweeps all things,
Both great things and small things,
Came along one day with his great wide broom,
And swept her way to the silent tomb :
So no longer she'll dust off my mantel-shelf ;
For Death has compelled her to dust off, herself.

G. C. Cutler, '79.

A CLASS-DAY BEAUTY.

Golden ringlets dancing
Round her little head
Seem a magic network,
For enchantment spread.
When her lips are parted,
Each a cherry grows ;
But when sweetly pouting,
Then a rosebud blows.

Like a shifting sunbeam,
Now she's here, now there ;
Now in Massachusetts,
Now in chilly Thayer.
Flitting like a fairy
Through the mazy waltz ;
Hear her rippling laughter ;
Who could dream her false ?

Naughty little beauty,
How she nods and smiles
At the happy Seniors,
Victims of her wiles !
Each one fondly believing
He's her chosen knight,
Harmless, fond delusion,—
Who would set him right ?

C. T. Daze, '81.

INVITING.

“As I recall his room,” she said,—
“In Weld it was,—’twas just too sweet
For anything. And then how Ned
Did dote upon that window-seat!”

✓
“Holworthy rooms like mine,” said I,
“Have window-seats that stand alone;
Their merit their antiquity;
Each has a history of its own.”

“But still, for me,” the flirt replied,
“The new ones antecedence take.”
Then looking down, a blush to hide,
“The history I’d rather make.”

M. H. Cushing, '83.

THANKSGIVING.

By a man who starts for home during the Recess, and actually gets as far as his room door.

While raising the latch
I glance at my watch,
And find that vacation’s begun;
But I’ve not turned the lock
Ere a stroke from the clock
Announces vacation is done.

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

JOHN.

A limping step upon the stair,
Well I know who must be there,
Walking slow.

Heard at early morn, or late,
There's a strangeness in the gait
Which I know.

Regular as any clock,
Soon there comes the well-known knock
At my door.
And these visits are well timed,
When I'm out of fruit, and find
I want more.

Rusty is the coat he wears ;
Marks of age the old hat bears
He has on.

Untrimmed beard and hair grown long,
Voice ill-suited for a song,
This is John.

Oft before my fire glowing,
As I listen to the blowing
Of the wind ;
Faintly from the quiet hall
Comes to me the well-known call,
“Orange, frind ?”

JOHN.

Relic of departed days,
Chronicled in simple lays

John shall be.

Worthy John ! forgotten never,
As in years past thou shalt ever
Welcome be.

T. T. Baldwin, '86.

“ When you and I get rich, get rich,
I tell you what we'll do :
We will endow a thing or two,
That is, *I* will. Won't you ?

“ We will endow a boat, a boat,
To run from Weld to Gore.
We will endow a man or two
To tend the Sever door.

“ We will endow a hall, a hall,
That sha'n't be strung with wires.
We will endow a fire-escape
Or two, in case of fires.

“ When you and I get rich, get rich,
And don't know what to do,
We will endow a thing or two ;
That is, *I* will. Won't you ? ”

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

THE FARTHER'S SONGE.

By J—SH B—LL—NGS.

A bald old man I sune shal b,
Mi ag iz sixty-fiv;
I'v cent for bois of mine to Kolleg
And stil I am aliv.

Jon, the oldest, went to Yale,
A nise young man iz he;
He wars hiz hat on hiz left ear,
Hiz kloths of cheks mak three.

Charly went to Princeton Kolleg,
A shot-gun he kan chute;
He karries a shlung-shot in hiz poket,
And a razor in hiz bute.

Gorg went to Kolumbia,
He wars most pretty kurls;
He rites sarkastic articals,
He's smitten on the girls.

Frank, the youngest of mi bois,
To Harvard Kolleg went;
He was suspendid in just three months
And a thozand dollars spent.

A bald old man I sune shal b,
Mi ag iz sixty-fiv;
I'v cent for bois of mine to Kolleg
And stil I am aliv.

Carleton Sprague, '81.

MY CORN COB PIPE.

My corn cob pipe, I smoke at night
In easy chair, by fire-glow bright.

Then, fertile plains I seem to see
Where tasselled corn of low degree
Bows to Sir Wind in graceful fright.

Why should I praise, and why indite
A rondeau to a cob? 'Tis trite!
Good sir, a poet gave to me
My corn cob pipe.

It is no common cob I write,—
The poet's hand has changed it quite,
Charmed it so it came to be
To poet's land, a magic key.
Have you no envy, when I light
My corn cob pipe?

C. M. Thompson, '86

TRIOLETS.

Wednesday Evening.

The f'rensic's begun,
Tho' 'tis after eleven ;
I shall rag eighty-one
If the pages are seven ;
The f'rensic's begun,
And it's after eleven.

Thursday Morning.

The f'rensic is done,
And the clock has struck seven ;
It will rag ninety-one,
For the pages are 'leven ; .
I will copy it later,—
I am sleepy, by heaven !
But the f'rensic is done.

M. H. Cushing, '83

“SPANISH EPIGRAM.”

One thing our heart rejoices,
To think, until the thaw
There 'll be no waiting in the cars
While ships go through the draw.

H. H. Furness, Jr., '88.

FAIR ANNEX.

I knew you first when, Freshmen both,
To college first we came;
At lecture we sat side by side,
Our text-books were the same.

And once, when late, in haste I came
And sat by you alone,
My book forgot, with tender smile,
You offered me your own.

And oft since then, my wayward book
Mislaid by some mistake,
Again I've sat beside you there
The proffered half to take.

What wonder, if my wondering gaze
Would sometimes lose the place ;
From classic pages turn aside
And study but your face ?

And if that face is all I know
When comes examination,
And plain "conditioned" is my lot,—
Why, that's co-education.

J. Mc G. Foster, '82

TO MY EXAMINATION BOOK.

Thou harmony in blue and white,
Framed cunningly of heaven's own hues,
As though to glad æsthetic souls
And knowledge of high art diffuse,

What power is hid beneath thy fair
Ethereal exterior,
That at thy sight such woful pangs
Invade my heart's interior?

'84.

CO-EDUCATION IN THE LIBRARY.

With only one table between them,
They sat in the alcove there,
A student with meek mustachios,
An Annex with sunny hair.

And the old professor passed them
With an inward smile of glee ;
" My faithful students they are," he said,
" Who study for love of me."

For love, perhaps, my good grayhead,
But not for love of you ;
Their thoughts from you are as far apart
As China from Peru.

C. T. Daze, '81.

A MEETING.

SCENE—North Avenue ;
Snow on the ground,
Everything tranquil—
Never a sound.

Enter a maiden,
“Sweet seventeen ;”
Figure so dainty ;
Air of a queen.

Off in the distance,
Pounding along,
Eight or ten “Crew” men,
Heavy and strong.

Soon overtake her ;
But, avoiding some trees,
Icy place—crew man
Down on his knees.

* * * * * * *

Introduction at “German ;”
Invitation to “Spread ;”
Engagement afterwards ;
Happily wed !

W. T. Talbot, '87.

AH, MISERIE !

Two Sophomores sat in solemn state:

(The breeze blew blithe through Cambridge town.)

And each was reading his *Advocate*.

(The trees were rich in red and brown.)

Said Smith : "Now, isn't this article flat?"

(The zephyrs sighed with a mournful sound.)

"How can they print such rubbish as that?"

(The leaves fell fluttering to the ground.)

"'Tis pointless, not witty ; 'tis way below par."

(The wind roared fiercely and angrily now.)

"'Tis barbarously written,—vile English. Ah !
faugh !"

(The trees swayed creaking in every bough.)

"You've read it, you say? What! clear to the
end?"

(The wind swept drearily, dismally past.)

Said Brown : "Why, yes. I wrote it, my
friend."

(The trees looked cold in the wintry blast.)

C. R. Clapp, '84.

IN THE WINDOW-SEAT.

[*Alumnus loquitur.*]

Away from the glare and the glitter,
There in the soft, dim light,
We sat in the gloom of the window,
And gazed out into the night.
The curtains fell softly about us,
None heeded our hidden retreat,
The music throbbed faint from the distance
With its pulsings low and sweet.

And forthwith I fell into dreaming
Of the past, long gone old times,
When my heart was full of vague fancies,
My head full of love and rhymes.
And once more I trod through the old ways
I had trodden years before,
And in fancy old friends and faces,
Thronged back to me more and more.

To myself I murmured in low tones,
" 'Twas here with pretty May Clare
That I sat, on her brother's Class Day,
And gazed in her face so fair.
She has married since then, the poor thing,
An old chandler rich in pelf,
And I look back now with strange wonder
That once I loved her myself."

* * * * *

IN THE WINDOW-SEAT.

And so I went on with my dreaming,
Calling the old loves to life,
Living once more through the old scenes
When pleasure and joy were rife.
My companion smiled at my musing,
Catching the words as they fell,
And uttered a laugh as she murmured,
"I have been here too as well."

S. S. Bartlett, '85.

The goodies in the bed-room "scratch"
With all the skill that they can muster ;
The poco slyly lifts the latch,
And, entering in a mighty fluster,
Steals the first thing that he can snatch,—
And, faith, he gets the goodies' duster !

J. L. Pennypacker, '80.

WRITING ITEMS AT THE PRESS.

When the things on which we counted
Shrink far more than matter ought,
And in printing have amounted
Scarce to half of what we thought,—
We (the gods our efforts bless !)
Work our items at the press.

When the fickle poet's jilted
By the fascinating Muses,
When the funny man has wilted,
When the Soph. to write refuses,—
Then the others, in distress,
Make up items at the press.

When there's ne'er an editorial
To be writ on Nine or Crew,
When the waiters at Memorial
Do just what they ought to do,—
We, unused to such a stress,
Think up items at the press.

Reader, if your idle fancies
Represent the editor
Ever smiling, then the chances
Are that you've been cheated, or—
You'd suspect the dolefulness
Of writing items at the press.

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

EXAMINATIO LONGA, VACATIO BREVIS.

A man who desired recreation,
Started home in the April vacation ;
But 'twas time to come back,
Ere the volatile hack
Had arrived at the Providence station.

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

CLASS DAY.

This is the day that raised the hope
That lay within
The heart of the cousin in college.

This is the cousin from Boston fair,
As she crosses the yard,
So well on her guard
Against the wiles
Of her cousin Miles,—
Her only cousin in college.

And this is the place, in the window-seat,
Where he won her heart, though she was discreet,
And said, "I must go,
For it's nine, I know ;
And papa and mamma are waiting below
To take me to the carriage."

Francis McLennan, '79.

TO MY GOODY.

A maiden fair I sing,
Her wondrous worth I'd tell,
And though I do not know her name,
Her face I know right well.

'Tis she who, when the dawn
Is creeping up the sky,
Comes stealing gently to my door
With ever-watchful eye.

I can't reveal her name,
Because I do not know ;
But as for what she murmureth,
It always runneth so,—

“Shame, Mr. B——, it's tin o'clock.
Ye lazy shlapy head !
I'd take it kind, if ye'll get up,
An' lemme make the bed.”

W. W. Kent, '82.

THE VETERAN.

I have heard her oft before,
As she fumbled at the door
With her keys ;
And I know how mad she's been
When I've yelled out : "Don't come in,
If you please !"

There are tokens everywhere
Of the questionable care
She bestows
On my sadly littered room,
Into which her slothful broom
Never goes.

And while bending o'er my book,
I have sometimes snatched a look
At her face,
Unto which her features thin,
And a weird, sepulchral grin,
Lend no grace.

Yet, no doubt in years gone by
She was once as young as I
Am to-day,—
Girlish, merry, fresh and fair,
Sky-blue eyes, and golden hair ;
Who can say ?

T. L. Frothingham, '84.

TO AN UMBRELLA RECOVERED
AT MEMORIAL

AFTER SIX MONTHS' ABSENCE.

Well, here you are; not quite the same
As when I left you in the rack.
Your handle's gone; that *is* a shame.
Your silk's well creased, and here's a crack.

You've grown gray, too, and somewhat thick,
Your form is no more finely moulded.
One couldn't use you for a "stick"
However well you might be folded.

And here's a rib snapped short, I see.
I swear it's too infernally
Confounded mean, that you should be
So broken up internally.

How can I mend you? I maintain
Of all ways, this will be the true one,—
To leave you in the rack again,
And take some other fellow's new one.

C. R. Clapp, '84.

THE UMBRELLA REPLIES.

Dear Master, you have gone astray
In telling how I came to grief ;
And hinting I had been away
With some commandment-breaking thief.

’Twould change appearances should I
“A plain unvarnished tale unfold.”
And there is every reason why
You’d wish my story were not told.

Your “Uncle” with the “three balls” sign
Remembers how at eve and dawn
You took this humble frame of mine
And left me oft with him in pawn.

Now after I am old and worn
The Son of Israel sends me back
With broken ribs and covering torn ;
Do not molest me in the rack.

E. A. Hibbard, '84.

TO A WINDOW-SEAT.

You rude, old-fashioned window-seat,
'Twould fill a volume to repeat
What happenings your age has seen,—
Too strange to tell are some, I ween,—
How scores have known the trump was hearts,
And by your help edged Cupid's darts.
I saw you once two hearts ensnare ;
You willing held a doting pair.
Her eyes were heaven, her hair was gold,
As fair as Leto's was of old ;
And from her lips a sweetness fell,
Which lips of mine could never tell ;
Still, lips of mine, if aught, might say
What passed between the two that day.

M. H. Cushing, '83.

TO JONES.

Once more the Muse approaches thee, dear Jones
Beseeching, if thou canst not ring thy bell
At four o'clock, it still may please thee well
At *one* o'clock, to let us hear its tones.

For we are hungry, Jones, and if we sit
Too long beyond the hour, our lives decay,
While the instructor, full of things to say,
Talks on and on. Pray, Jones, consider it.

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

A HINT.

Together they are
At a German, not far
From Boston's gilded dome.
She, a New Yorker,—
Garrulous talker.
Came he from Culture's home.

He talked mathematics,
Discoursed on quadratics.
Such stuff she'd never heard.
Talked Darwin and Spencer,
Unkindly prevents her
From squeezing in one word.

She sat mute and still,
A statue, until
There came a bright idea.
"Would you be so kind
As not, sir, to mind
A change to this side here."

Her accents were sly,
And twinkled her eye,
As black eyes often do.
Then sweetly the maid,
With smiling lips said,
"Now fill, please, this ear too."

W. A. Hayes, '84.

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

"Parfay," than quod our hoste, and lokde aboute,
"Who next shal telle his tale in all the route?
For goddes love give us no ribaudye
But some hey historie or tragedye.
Methinkth, Sir Borsair, thou schalt be the man
Which that a tragik tale telle can,
For that thou spekest wordes fewe and sharpe,
Ne wilnot never pleye with us and carpe."

Then fiersly him answerde this Borsair, "No:"
And semde he wordes speken wolde na mo.
But on a sodeyn chaunged was his mynde
And forth he tolde his storye, as i finde.

THE BORSAIRES TALE.

Forsoth ther livde in ages long ygo
A Borsair kind, god yeve his sawle wo,
Which that so gentil was and curteys eek,
And bar his heye offices so meke,
That lovd he was of students fer and nerre.
—This Borsair was an olde man, i here,—
And hadde o daughter for his mikele pride,
Angelika, no child hadde he biside,
And mycel bi hire fader lovd was sche,
Whose wif ful mani yeres deed had be.
He kepte hir as the apel of his yë,
Ne tak he any kepe—i will not lye—
Of printing-press nor eek of non bicycle,

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

This fader lovde Angelika so mycel.
It chauncede ones, that this fayre may,
Bitok hirself to walke upon a day,
Right in the parke, which cleped is commoun,
The pride and the delite of thilke toun
Of Cauntabrigie, which that god saufe and se
For it is bred and boter unto me !

As sche about the moniment gan go
Walking amonges the cannon to and fro,
She was war of a litel freshman bolde
—A yonge thing, nat sixteen yeres olde—
Yet soth a stikke hadde he in his honde,—
For after Christes masse, ich onderstonde,
Even the freshmen blossomen out in stikkies,
And to the theatre goon, with other trickes.

Now whan this freshman sey Angelika,
He blente, like Arcite, and cride “A!”
As if he hadde be smiten thrugh the herte.
And with that worde out of the bussches sterte,
Fulfilde with pride and rage, a sophomore.
But when he sey the maid i saide before,
He al so blente, he al so cride “A!”
Whan that he sey the fair Angelika !
Wherat uprist—what nedeth wordes mo ?—
A junior and a senior also.
Who, whan they saw the maid Angelika,
They torned pale bothe and cride “A !”
Som man will ax, “ How cometh it, Sir Borsair,
That al these wightes foure at ones were ther ?
We may nat take the tale as it is tolde.”

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

But i to hem make answere and bidde hem holde;
Ful mani thing hath happd, and happneth yit,
Of which the cause ne wot no human wit.
Who runneth the hal that highte Memorial,
Ne wight ne wot ne telle never schal.
How that the bill hath risn from four til five,
Is known, god wot, to not a manne alive ;
Who is the mastir—who that wot may saye—
Of Haverford in Massachusetts-Baye,
Whethir he dwelleth in the great white halle
(Which that containth the regioun infernale)
Clept Université, or on the hille,
Or els the Wadsworth wher man payth his bille,
Or Corporacioun highte or Faculté,
If ani knowth, i wot what man is he.
For thei ben mysteries, everichon
And fer beyond our feble senses gon.

Whan that Angelika to hire hom is gon
This 4 studentes followen everichon,
With lookes askance—hem liste not to pleye—
Thei sougthe hir fader and to him gan seye :—

“ O Borsair, greet and mihty is thi name,
Thrugh cristen landes is yspred thi fame ;
And we, thi servauntes to live or dye,
Bisechen the to caste a pitous yē
Upon us and to graunte our bone, alas !
For we ben alle, god wot, in sorry cas.”

Then seyde he kindeliche, “ What woln ye,
frendes ?
Who hath misboden yow ne doth amendes ?

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

What woln ye han, i charge ye on your lif ?”
“Angelika,” cride ech, “to ben mi wif !”

“Ay, stant it so?” quod he. “By Seynt Johan,
Is everich of yow a ful proper man.
Yit comth ageyn, and i wil hav a teste
Schal telle me which on of yow be beste.”

Thus goeth home ech on with sory chere ;
But on the morwe thei ageyn appere,
Ech beting on his breste and crying “A !
Wold god that thou were min, Angelika !”

Nu in the grete halle of his castel
This Borsair hath hem welcomèd ful wel.
Win brought he out and made him meri chere,—
But sothely it were to long to here,—
And at the end he spak, “Lordings,” saide he,
“Sith ye woln hav my doghter der fro me,
Her is the test.” Then tok he in his hande
A rol of parchment long, ich onderstande,
And yaf it to this freshman wher he stod.
This freshman streytway quok as he were wod,
And rad aloud the wordes were therin :—
“To Harvard College,” thus dide it begin,
“Debtor for Bord ” (which no man ever thoughte
That it beyond four dollars mighte be broughte,
Though that was served hash seven times ech wek
And coffe colde and thereto thin and wek)
“Five dollars wekely,” thus ran the bille ;
And whan the freshman mervailld hadde his fille,
He yaf the money in the Borsairs hande,
Who put it in his pouche, i onderstande.

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

“Ful honestly, mi son, the test thou bore.”
Then yaf another to the sophomore.
The soph remembereth his score for beere,
The bils unpayèd of his freshman yere,
Subscripcioune fenes and the *Ekko* man,—
He droþth the bil and fletch as best he can.
“Ha!” quod the Borsair, “what a coward art
thou!

But, junior, it is thi torne now.”
“Bi gog,” then cride this junior in hy,
“I wil not stand no testes, no, not i !”

With that he smot him sore upon the hede,
That all his mantel was with blode rede.
But was he not dismayèd, this borsair,
For steyteway he tok him by the hair;
And thus they strogled as that they were wode,
And ech wolde hav the otheres herte blode.

And as they fohte and wrestleden, they tweye
This senior slily stole the maid aweye,
With sondri bags of ducats that he fond
With which besprinkled was the castel grond,
And by the person married were they
And married livde happily alwey.

But of the Borsair and the juniore
We liste, lordings, for to seye na more;
But so much can i seye, without drede,
That they were never seen, ylife ne dede.
And fro that time was there no Borsair
Was kind and curteys til that i cam her;
And whan i go (which god grante be not soon)

THE CAUNTERBRIDGE TALES.

Wher wil ye finden such an othere one ?
Thus ended is mi tale, i saye agen,
Christ kepe us al and saufe our soules, amen !

Explicit narracio borsarij.

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

MY SOCIETY.

I've just become a member—
An early member too—
Of the jolliest society
A Junior ever knew.

Oh, no, Jack ! not the Pudding,—
The Pudding stuffs you so ;
Nor yet the Signet ; that is but
A ring of grinds, you know.

But just the nicest party !—
And, Jack, I'm sure you'd be
As gay as I if you belonged
To my society.

The initiation's glorious,
Unless you're mighty shy ;
And even then you learn to think
It pleasant by and by.

But, then, it's so exclusive
I fear we can't take you ;
For my society, dear Jack,
Is limited to two.

J. L. Pennypacker, '80.

RETROSPECT.

I never was fond of swinging a cane,
I never disliked the taste of beer ;
And I never saw Soldene—but once,
Æons ago, in my Freshman year.

I never frequented Parker's much,
For drops and conditions have had no fear ;
So never suspended was I—but once,
Of course, in my Sophomore year.

I never read Descartes and Kant,—
Talked of the “ego” and reason mere ;
And I never heard Joseph Cook—but once,
'Twas enough,—in my Junior year.

I never took life in a serious way,
And thought of my prospects on leaving here ;
And I never was really in love—but once,
Well,—yes,—in my Senior year.

F. J. Ranlett, '80.

TO THE POSTMAN.

O thou who bring'st me many a letter,
O thou who hast brought me a bill that 's due,
Say, now, would it not have been far better
If the last had been a *billet-doux*.

J. L. Martin, '80.

FAIR IDLENESS.

My heated brain is burning,
My heart for rest is yearning,
Speak to me not concerning
 My duties as a grind.
But bring the cooling tankard,
For which I long have hankered ;
When at my side it 's anchored,
 I'll consolation find.

Fair idleness, thou devil,
Thou charming sprite of evil,
How in thy charms I'll revel,
 When my degree is won !
But if to-day I woo thee,
To-morrow I shall rue thee ;
With longing eyes I view thee,
 While yet thy spells I shun.

E. S. Martin, '77.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

BY J-M-S R-SS-LL L-W-LL.

Wall, yis, I got an invite to what they call their
Class Day,
Though there be so many gals there they'd orter
call it "lass-day."
'Twas them two boys of Hiram Smith, what axed
me to their spread ;
That 's what they called it, or leastwise that 's
what the invite said.
So I told Hulda, "Wall," sez I, "I guess that I'll
go daown,
And take a loaf, now hayin 's bad, and kinder see
the taown."
I 'lowed I'd dress up pooty fine, and sorter cut a
swell,
For when I starts to do a thing, I allers does it
well.
Hulda got out my best blue coat, what has brass
buttons on it,
('Twas spandy noo when Hulda bought her best
noo Sunday bonnit.)
Lor' sakes, 'tis strange how time do fly, though
'twa'n't so long ago,—
Mebbe 'twas sunthin' more or less than fourteen
year or so.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

In course I wore my beaver hat, which I tetch'd
up with blackin',
Coz it looked kinder brown in spots, jest where
the nap was lackin'.
When I'm drest up I look right smart, though I
do say it who shouldn't;
No better than I looked this time I'm pesky sure
I couldn't.
So I went daown: and what a time! I vum 'twas
clean amazin';
I never seen sech lots of fun sence Deakin Brown's
barn-raisin'.
Them boys they did their level best to treat me
like a dook;
They gave me more'n I could eat, and drinks
thrown in, to boot.
They tuk me raound to all the spreads, and then
to all the teas;
O, golly, warn't the handsome gals as thick as
swarmin' bees!
But the liveliest fun, I tell ye, was the dancin'
raound the tree,
'Twas like an Ingin war-dance, a reg'lar rough
and tumble spree.
And arter dark there was a dance and glorious
'luminashun,
And marshul music by the band to top off the
occashun.
There's lots of other things to tell, but I'll wait
till my nex letter,

POSTSCRIPT TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

For Hulda sez I'd orter stop, and I guess perhaps
I'd better.

So now ajew and orevoy, for here comes Hulda,
jawin'.

Taters is small and hayin's bad. Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

T. T. Baldwin, '86.

TROS TYRIUSQUE.

SCENE: *The Library.*

Says Tom to Jack, "Just take a look :
That man who 's waiting for a book,
That venerable man.

He looks as if he well might be
The Prof. of Sanskrit. Who is he ?
Pray tell me, if you can."

"Now, God thee guard," says Jack to Tom,
"Thine eyes deceive thee sore.
That man is no professor, but
The Matthews janitor."

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

MY OWL.

Full many a day my owl has stood,
 Staring his vacant stare ;
Full many an eve I've imagined his thoughts
 From my comfortable easy-chair.

Last night, from a long and tiresome grind,
 Raising my aching head,
These words I heard from the silly bird :
 “I'm stuffed !” was all he said.

Carleton Sprague, '81

FAREWELL TO MY BOOKS.

Farewell, dear books,
Whose well-known looks
Recall many hours' recreation !
Old friends ye are,
Whom I took afar
To read in the summer vacation.

As I turn over
Each dusty cover,
I thrill with renewed animation ;
Each uncut leaf
Brings glad relief
To my grief at a dead vacation. .

Ah, yes, dear books,
Although your looks
Reproach my unchecked jubilation,
Still, comrades, I'm
Rejoiced that my time
Wasn't wasted on you last vacation.

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

Part XX. **Life.**

**Upon his crest he bare a tour
And therein stiked a lily flour.**

OH, FOR THE STORM-SCARRED HEAD-LANDS.

Oh, for the storm-scarred headlands,
The hoarse, unresting seas,
The shifting mist and sunshine,
The cool, soft eastern breeze !

Oh, to trace the low pine woodlands,
Or walk the windy shore,
Or feel the muscle tighten
Against the straining oar !

Sweeter than harp or sackbut
To weary ear and brain,
The lapwing's low, wild whistle,
The sea-gull's angry skane.

Better than books or study
On gorse-grown cliffs to lie,
And watch the cloud-wrack slowly
Climb up the summer sky.

Oh, for the blackened headlands,
The hoarse, tumultuous seas,
The trailing mists and shadows,
The strong, salt eastern breeze.

A. M. Lord, '83.

HUGH CRESSY, BENEDICTINE.

My God, I dreamed in quiet paths to walk,
There thought Thy voice to lead ;
Few friends, calm studies, sober-thoughted talk,
My utmost need.

Dreamed in those sunny cloisters, far away
Beside the Tuscan sea,
From purer hearts than mine to catch each day
Some glimpse of Thee.

But in my soul, where self traced words of gold,
Thy hand wrote words of flame :—
“ Thou hast renounced for visions dim and cold
Christ’s path of shame !

“ In tourneys gay and gallant courtesies
Shall true knights waste their might ?
Would’st thou misuse in narrow sympathies
Thy clearer sight ? ”

Vicisti Galilæe ! yet forgive,
Forgive, if faint with strife,
I hope somewhere, somehow, again to live
That quiet life.

Did I not learn it at my mother’s knee,
“ There sin and sorrow cease ! ”
In **heaven** is that life selfish, which would be
A life of peace ?

A. M. Lord, '83.

HILL-SONG.

The clouds are dark, chill stings the winter air,
Against the sky the rough-ribbed hills stand bare;
Gray oak, brown elm, along the vale below,
Their firm, strong limbs and knotted sinews
show ;—

What cheer is here, halloo, hallo !

Good cheer is here, halloo, hallo !
When clouds are dark, and cold the rough winds
blow,
True brains and hearts, with hills and trees, lay
bare
A strength unguessed in summer's lanquid air.
Then darken skies, blow winter tempests, blow,
Good cheer is here, halloo, hallo !

A. M. Lord, '83.

O BONNIE HILLS OF LEICESTER !

O bonnie hills of Leicester, full many years are
run
Since o'er your downs I wandered in shadow and
in sun.
The breezy mountain pastures, the cool, bird-
haunted woods,
The old elm-shadowed homesteads, where deepest
quiet broods,—
All, all unchanged, as if a boy I'd dreamed an
hour away,
And waked to find the same green woods, the
same sweet summer day.

O bonnie hearts of Leicester, whose warmth my
childhood knew,
Though eyes may dim and cheeks may fade, will
you not beat as true?
I dream the glad days over, my boyhood's bright
romance,
I meet your eyes and press your hands, I join in
song and dance.
Ah ! years may come and years may go, and if
they bring but ill,
O bonnie hearts of Leicester, we'll live in mem-
ory still.

A. M. Lord, '83.

A MONARCH OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

“Il était un roi d’Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l’histoire—”

BÉRANGER.

As soon as winter’s snow and sleet
Have melted in the summer-glow,
Once more adown the lukewarm street
You’ll hear his tread, sedate and slow.
His coat is fashioned Brummell-wise,
His stock and snuff-box wondrous seem ;
In all his guise you recognize
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

He pauses at the flower-stand
To buy his daily *boutonnière*,
And haply with his withered hand,
That once was counted passing fair,
He pats the cheek of Mam’selle Rose,
Whose pleasant eyes upon him beam ;
Then blows a kiss as off he goes—
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

Time was when rose-wreaths crowned his brow,
His laugh was light, his smile divine,
And many a fluttering heart, I trow,
Burnt incense at that kingly shrine.
But they have faded in the past,
Like shadows of a ghostly dream ;
Alone of all he lingers last,
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

A MONARCH OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

The gauntlet still to Age he flings,
The kindly smile still lights his face,
And all about his being clings,
 The perfume of an old-time grace.
Salute him, then, with friendly eye
 Respect each trait'rous line and seam ;
He was a king in days gone by,
 A Monarch of the Old Régime.

F. M. Michael, '87.

“Vieux soldats de bois que nous sommes.”

Little wooden soldiers we
 All drawn up in stiff array,
If from out the ranks we see
 Two or three men make their way ;
“Down with those mad fools,” we say :—

Them we persecute and slay,
 Yet at the last make up our mind
To give a statue to their clay
 For the glory of mankind.

H. S. Sanford, '88.

A RAINY DAY.

All the long day full drearily
The rain has dripped from bush and tree,
And night comes down across the sea
 Starless, alone ;
Before her feet the breakers hurl
Against the rocks their eddying swirl,
Shattered and spent they backward curl
 With sobbing moan.

Up from the misty ocean's caves,
Mixed with the rushing of the waves,
Come mermaid's voices from the graves
 Of sailors dead.
They sing of those who sailed away
From the harbor mouth at break of day ;
Their bodies lie beneath the bay,
 Their souls are fled.

The sad song dies upon the air,
I catch the gleam of streaming hair,
Of white arms and of faces fair
 Above the tide ;
Then but the tossing of the sea,
Waves rolling landward ceaselessly,
 And naught beside.

R. H. Fuller, '88.

ANSELM'S PRAYER.

Oh, make me wise, to see the things that are !
The gods have filled the earth with blinding
show.
A trembling leaf may hide a distant star,
The clear moon pales before a watchfire's glow.

Oh, make me brave ! lest when my eyes have seen,
My soul in vain with love or fear may strive.
The bow is bent, the shaft is straight and keen ;
Let fly ! though through thy kinsman's heart it
drive.

Oh, make me strong ! lest when I fain would
speak,
My lips may fail to tell the truth I meant.
Strength need I most ! for if the soul be weak,
Courage is pain, and wisdom, discontent.

A. M. Lord, '83.

EHEU FUGACES.

How fast time flies ! Where are now, pray,
The days when puff and patch held sway ?
Where are the routs ? gay lives they lead—
Those beaux and beauties long since dead—
In good Queen Anne's and George's day !

No thoughts of woes and ills had they,
Nor paused, upon their airy way,
To sigh, with mournful shake of head,
“How fast time flies !”

Pluck *we* life's roses while *we* may.
What matter, in the fret and fray,
If some are white and some are red ?
Their bloom, alas ! is quickly shed.
Scant time have we to stop and say,
“How fast time flies !”

F. M. Michael, '87.

FREE LANCES.

A-riding, a-riding i' the growing morning light !
The bugles blow, and all a-row our lances glitter
bright.

Along the winding river, beside the beached sea,
By lonely tower, or high-walled town, or heathy
wastes of lea ;

Where'er we go, whate'er good cause our strong
right arms may claim,

God guide us, merry gentlemen, and keep our
swords from shame !

We squire to no lady's whims, we serve nor
church nor lords,

But worship upon God's green hills, and love
our own bright swords.

Let friars pray, and striplings love, and courtiers
bend the knee,

While blood is hot and muscle firm, our hearts
and hands are free.

A-riding, a-riding,—the east is all aflame :
God guide us, merry gentlemen, and keep our
swords from shame.

A. M. Lord, '83.

EPIGRAM: FROM THE LATIN
OF ATACINUS.

Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse deos?
Saxa premunt Licinum, levat altum fama
Catonem,
Pompeium tituli. Credimus esse deos.

A marble tomb to him they raise,
Whose soul was black with sordid lust;
Great Cato's name no stone may praise,
A humble slab marks Pompey's dust :
Who says that there are gods?

A marble tomb his fame shall bound
Whose worth was measured by his gold ;
While those whose life a real worth crowned
Earth makes her own,—no urn can hold :
We know that there are gods.

C. H. Barrows, '76.

The silent mist comes stealing
Adown the gray old tower ;
The minster bells are pealing,—
It is the bridal hour !

I looked upon the maiden,
And tears were in her eyes ;
With mist her lids were laden ;
With mist, the gloomy skies.

F. A. Tupper, '80.

THE GARDEN-CLOSE.

Now that the dawns of the days are golden,
Bright with dews and a thrill with song,
Now that the daylight lingers long
And night no more with its gloom is chilly,
Come to the bourgeoning garden olden,
Down the paths where the blossoms throng,
Marguerite, marigold, rose and lily.

Clear from the pear trees' branches swaying
The wren and the robin sing and sing ;
Brigand bees on hurrying wing
Bumble by from the crimson clover ;
The tawny crickets, gaily playing,
Seek the grass with an agile spring,
Chirping the same strain over and over.

Green is the arbor ; round it twining,
Clammers the clematis far on high,
With blooms as blue as the morning sky
Before the sun o'er the hills is glowing ;
Bright are the honeysuckles shining,—
Gold and red with the sapphire vie,—
And scents are sweet on the breezes blowing.

Hark to the fountain's drowsy tinkle !
What are the words that it seems to say,
Flinging its flakes of silvery spray
High in air through the amber noon-time,
High in air when the moonbeams sprinkle
All the earth at the death of day,
Fresh with the breath of the perfumed June-time ?

THE GARDEN-CLOSE.

“Come,” it says, “to the hush and quiet
Here in the greening garden-close,
Here in the bower of the regal rose,—
Scarlet rose with her butterfly lovers,—
Leave the worry and rush and riot
Of noisy streets for the blest repose,
Where calm Content like an angel hovers.”

This is a spot for a poet’s dreaming,
Haunt for a lover of dancing rhyme
To pore through the hours of the morning time
O’er tender trifles and fine-wrought fancies,
Lays of lips and of eyes bright-beaming,
Songs of the sunny Persian clime,
Catches, carols and old romances !

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

SUMMER'S LARGESS.

O days of quietness and deep content,
That steal as gently and serenely by
As your own sunshine which at noon doth lie
In plenitude of golden ravishment
O'er every little spot that late was lent
To morning shadows,—fairer livery
Lady ne'er wore in fondest lover's eye
Than that which o'er the earth your suns have
sent.

Is each day's beauty but a transient bliss,—
One moment felt, then like a sweet note gone?
Rather 'tis like a wave, which swelling, pours
O'er all the heart a flood of happiness,
And ebbing leaves along our being's shores
Strange tokens from immensities unknown.

L. E. Gates, '84.

PATER NOSTER QUI ES IN TERRA.

WRITTEN AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Thou wouldst know God? Seek him not, then,
Where jostling thousands throag wide temple
gates,
And swelling organs shake the fretted roof
And high-flung arch, while Mammon's gold-
chained slaves,
Prinked with Sabbathic virtue, pose demure
With godly smirk and prim self-righteousness,
Kneel in their sins and grovel like blind worms
Before His face who fashioned them erect.
Come to these sunny vales and fortress'd hills,
Come where the broad, o'erhanging precipice
Broods, granite-winged, above the crystal flood.
List! while the winds and dark, majestic pines
And rushing streams in unison uplift
Their loud Trisagion to the Lord.

O, blind!
Who seek in dusty tomes and monkish dreams
The glory of the living God; His name
Is writ on this dark, rippling lake, the trees
Are lisping it, the birds outpour its praise,
And vocal brooks repeat the word: each day
The radiant angel of the morning spreads
Abroad upon the quivering Eastern sky

PATER NOSTER QUI ES IN TERRA.

The flaming splendor of his crimson wings
To herald Him; with myriad wands of fire
He smites the whole world into glory, till
Each bush is pregnant all of God as that
On Horeb's mount. And when the West has
quenched
Her mantling fires, the calm, eternal stars
Sweep silently along their dustless tracks
In golden cars to bear His majesty
Through infinite creation.

Here, O God,
I leave the hollow world, and bowing down
In Thy green temple, cast from out my heart
All taint of sin; then in meek purity
I drink Thy peace, and I am satisfied.

A. M. Cummings, '87.

MAGGIORE E MINORE.

Clear shines the sun, fresh blows the mountain
wind,
And as I pass I give one look behind:
The red-roofed town, the gray church on the hill,
The river winding through the meadows still,—
Sweet is the scene,—'t will linger for a day,
But earth is ample and my heart is gay;
Far o'er the dim blue mountains I must go,
To seek a larger life than here I know;
Farewell, farewell, my path lies far away
From home, and friends, and bonnie Mailleraie.

* * * * *

The sky is dark, and spectre-like the rain
Sweeps from the hills and hides the distant plain;
The dark pines murmur as the wind grows
strong;
My feet are weary and the way is long;
Oh for the house that poplars tall surround,
The garden and the low hills vineyard-crowned,
Only to walk the sunny banks of Seine,
And meet the dear old faces once again,
Only to see, before they fade for aye,
Home and the deep blue skies of Mailleraie!

A. M. Lord, '83.

EASTERN WINDOWS.

We sat beside the casement high
That opened on the eastern sea ;
Thy thoughts were on the star-lit sky,
But mine were still on thee.

And as I watched thy fine, brave face,
I wished my heart were more like thine,—
As full of hope and tender grace,
As full of light divine.

Thy windows ope on eastern skies,
Undimmed by sadness or regret;
Thou see'st fair stars and planets rise,
But never see'st them set.

A. M. Lord, '83.

Where memory's silver ripples flow
O'er golden sands of recollection;
Where fairy shapes in visions glow,
And murmuring voices, sweet and low,
Float from the realms of long ago,
To lend the scene perfection;—
In borderlands of pure delight,
Of rainbow day and sapphire night,
Imagination's rosy beams
Fall on the golden gates of dreams.

R. B. Mahany, '88.

SONG.

Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee away!
Neath the white waters
Gay will we play;
Stroll o'er the gold sands,
Deep in the sea;
Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee to me!

Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee away !
Charm thee, and spell thee,
Say me not nay !
Strange are the sea sights
Waiting for thee ;
Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee to me !

Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee away !
Hail winds, and waves hail
My wedding day !
Thro' the wild waters
To the still sea,
Sailor boy, sailor boy,
Hie thee to me !

M. St. C. Wright, '81.

PROSIT NEUJAHR.

Prosit Neujahr !

I drink a pledge to thee,
My friend afar,
In wine that, dear to me,
Holdeth the heart
Of fair Pacific slopes,—
And therefrom start
A band of lofty hopes,
Which, hour by hour,
Shall pass thee swiftly on,
By town and tower,
Until thy wish be won.

Across the sea it came :

Across the sea
I send it back again,
Newspoke by me ;
High be thy aim and thought,
Wrought for with care,
Thus is all fortune brought
To issue fair.
Be will thy firm ally,
Love be my friend ;
Error shall thus pass by,
Truth be the end.
Thus do I turn my rhyme,
Sitting alone,
Where, in the olden time
Thou wert my own ;

PROSIT NEUJAHR.

Thus, where the Past was told,
Where memories are,
Bid I, in wine of gold,
Prosit Neujahr!

G. E. Woodberry, '77.

SONNET.

AFTER READING KEATS'S LETTERS.

Before my grate with starting tears I sit,
And think on the young poets gone for aye,
Whose spent lives make my path a pleasant
way,
Attended by their passion, thought, and wit.

The morning of my soul is ever lit
By light that sends through them its subtle
ray ;
My life their lyre, which though they cease to
play,
The tremor of the song still shaketh it.

Sad Death has robbed me of their gentle love,
Emptied the world of all that dear delight,
Left sere and naked as an unsnowed field ;
Theirs was the earth and the blue heavens
above,—
Mine the same heritage ! what, shall I slight
The soil from which they reaped such golden
yield ?

G. E. Woodberry, '77.

LONGFELLOW'S PORTRAIT.

Ah ! sweet the cadence of immortal lines,
The songs men love to sing ;
But sweeter yet the soul that through them
shines,
The life from which they spring,—

The soul youth's passion, manhood's selfishness
Warped not, nor stained with wrong,
And Age's winter folds in its caress
Still unsubdued and strong.

Yet in its strength not arrogant or cold,
But broad in sympathies,—
A man symmetrical ! such dreamed of old
Plato and Socrates.

Yes, well we crown him with song's highest
meed,
His words immortal call ;
But they who see that calm, grand face may read
The noblest song of all !

A. M. Lord, '83.

MUSA ARCANA.

Where hides the Muse whose face was fire
To those of old who loved the lyre,
Whose lips such matchless music sung
That though these centuries have rung
The echoes of her poet-choir?

She sung of love and lasting ire,
Of peace and joy, of battle dire,
Yet never told—ah, truant tongue!—
Where hides the Muse.

Alas, until the days expire
Of her seclusion, we must tire
With careless notes, and lutes loose-strung,
Must wait until some Homer young
Shall find, companioned by Desire,
Where hides the Muse!

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

THE FAERY QUEEN.

When, Spenser, first I read thy magic page,
I left the sun and all the world of day,
And, turning in the shadows castled-gray,
Was in a life and work that knows not age;
Where belted knights a ceaseless battle wage,
By lone seashore and forest-fringed way,
For ladies' love and Truth, with wizard sway,
Strong in their purpose and a holy rage.

Some Beauty tempts to leave their work undone,
And end in dreamful ease their weary strife;
Some weakly spirits fail, and, craven, fly.
But Arthur's princely twelve prick boldly on,
Holding their honor sweeter far than life,
In glory live and gloriously die.

W. G. Pellew, '80.

CLOUDS.

Wings of the elsewise viewless wind,
Sails o' the bark o' the drifting day,
Squadrons that leave no trace behind,—
Mountains that crumble and fade away.

C. F. Lummis, '81.

Part III. **Love.**

**A Seinte Mary, benedicte,
What asleth this love at me.**

FAYRE LADYE LALAGE.

Belowe her Ruffe twinne Rosebuddes showe,—
My Gifte to her ;—in Accents lowe
She blushed and rendered Thankes to mee
With such sweete Grace and Courtesie
Y^t in my Hearte, Hope's Flower doth blowe.

Yⁿ wille I presse my Suit, altho'
I maye not guesse her Fancy's flowe
Ye Buddes nodde "Courage," certainlie,
Belowe her Ruffe.

Ye wanton, wooing Breezes blowe
Her warme, darke Tresses to and fro,
And kisse her little Lippes ;—Ah, she
Will let me kisse them, it may bee :—
Ye merrie Bloomes, theye don't saye, "No,"
Belowe her Ruffe.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

UPON HER MANDOLIN.

The roses climb and cluster
On Margery's lattice tall ;
Aloft, with lucent lustre,
Stars gem the heavenly hall ;
Soft cadences are straying
Where silence late hath been :
'Tis bonny Margery playing
Upon her mandolin.

UPON HER MANDOLIN.

The crickets cease their trilling
Amid the grassy aisles ;
Charmed by the music thrilling,
The drooping jasmine smiles ;
The mocking bird, delaying,
Forgets his silvery din,
And lists to Margery playing
Upon her mandolin.

In envy 'neath her bower,
Whose blossoms scent the gale,
Her lover sees a flower
The slender lattice scale ;
I ween there is no saying
What he'd not dare, to win
The brown-eyed Margery playing
Upon her mandolin !

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

VAE VICTIS.

O lady mine, thou holdest us in thrall,
Wounded and bleeding at thy feet we lie.
Except thy grace no hope have we at all.
Have pity on us, therefore, or we die !
Yet prithee show no ruth, for wretched we
Had rather die thy bondmen than live free.

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

AN IDEAL.

I oft-times see her face here in the gloom,
When—dreaming by my fire as dreamers
dream—
I watch the flickering fire-lights, till they
seem,
Like magic shuttles on a shadowy loom,
To weave strange pictures in the dusky room.
For her face 'mid the others there I find :
It thrills me with a sense all undefined—
Vague as the fragrance of an old perfume.

Her hair—the light that shimmers on the sea,—
Her wistful mouth—a red bud not half
blown,—
Her tender eyes—a cloudless summer
sky,—
Flash on my sight, a glimpse of rapture
nigh,
Then fade away, and leave me here alone....
Her heart—but Love.himself holds that in fee.

A. B. Houghton, '86.

AN IDEAL.

Be this the type of beauty I love best :
A round white throat, smooth as the lily's stem,
Supporting such a face as greeted them
Who lived in Titian's time ; cheeks where are
pressed
The tint of blossom ; lips the rosiest ;
Eyes whose quick lights are rivals of the gem ;
A forehead fair whose dazzling diadem
Is but the circling gold of hair soft-tressed.

And I would have a smile about her mouth
To part the lips and show the shining teeth,
And on the silence have her sweet voice fall
As soothingly as zephyrs from the south :
Thus musing do I linger here beneath
This old-time portrait hanging on the wall.

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

TO A PAIR OF BLUE EYES!

“First love is best,” my sweet blue-eyes,
For love is youth, and, sure, youth flies,
As if to catch the years that go,
Nor, mocking, heeds our cries of woe,—
We call—oh ! yes ! but who replies ?

You look at me in shy surprise,
(Within your eyes all dreamland lies !)
Oh ! darling, whisper soft and low,
“First love *is* best !”

A rosebud fairest seems, blue-eyes,
When on its blush the dew first lies.
Ere long it dies ; the rough winds strow
Its crumpled leaves where'er they blow.
Love on ! Love on ! the whole world sighs,
“First love is best !”

A. B. Houghton, '86

ELSPIE AND I.

A strange, strange music the breezes bring,
This summer day, from the hilltops high,—
The same old song of the harvest moon
That's sung for ever amid the rye.
The same old song, yet not the same ;
For never before did the crickets sing
As I hear them now, in the sunny noon,—
 Singing, singing, amid the rye,
Elspie and I, Elspie and I.

Never before did the reaper's ear
Catch aught in the shrill, monotonous sound
That gave such promise, or false or true,
As came just now from the fields around.
'Twas but a dream of the summer day ;
And, now 'tis over, I shall not hear
Those words so dear, those words so new,—
 That singing, singing, amid the rye,
Elspie and I, Elspie and I.

ELSPIE AND I.

Elspie and I, Elspie and I!

Again it comes from the hillside rye,
And I listen with wonder and thankful joy.
For the words are peace and life to me,
And the ears are wakened that slept so long,
To hear the promise of love to be:
Of love to be in the summer day,
When Elspie, my own one, fair and coy,
Shall sit with me, in the sunny noon,
And hear the crickets, the fields along,
Singing, singing, amid the rye,
Elspie and I, Elspie and I.

Edward Hale, '79.

A REASON.

Some lovers love their loves because they keep
A garden in their faces all may see,
Forgetting that their beauty's but skin deep:
—“I love my love because my love loves me.”

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

IN THE CONSERVATORY:

She gave me a rose
With a soft little sigh.
Why she did—goodness knows!
But she gave *me* a rose,
And—oh, well! who'd suppose
 Her mamma would pass by,
As she gave me a rose
With a soft little sigh.

A. B. Houghton, '86.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The soft wind whispered secrets to the apple tree,
 Caressed her in his arms and would not let her
 go
Until the rosy blossoms came triumphantly
To tell the one sweet message that he wished to
 know.

A timid maiden with her lover lingered there
 In silence, clasping hands amid the leaves that
 fell,
Till one bold blossom drifting down the per-
 fumed air
Just touched her rounded cheek, and bade the
 blushes tell.

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

TO CHLOE.

Men's hearts are like their purses :
From them flow
The coin of their affection,
Swift or slow.

It may be lavished by a spendthrift hand,
Or slip from miser's palm, well-scanned.
In either case, note well the sorry end,—
One sighs for what the other cannot spend.

But, Chloe dear, believe me
When I say,
My heart for you is full alway ;
Since, like that magic purse
Of fairy lore,
'Tis constant giving that renews the store.

W. W. Kent, '82.

IMMER MEHR.

It was just a sweet song that she sang,—
A mystic and wonderful song ;
Through the halls of my being it rang,
And echoed so clear and so strong
That I cried : “This is more than a song.”

It was only a word that she spoke,—
A tender and beautiful word;
Yet the voice of my passion it woke
As Dawn wakes the voice of a bird.
And I said : “This is more than a word.”

It was only a clasp of the hand,
And a glance from two lovely dark eyes
That timidly, dreamfully scanned
My own, seeking love to disguise,
But I saw there was love in her eyes.

And the love, half-concealed in her eyes
Met the love that was restless in mine,
And her blushes were sudden to rise
As the tongue of the flame by a shrine.
Then I whispered : “I know she is mine.”

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

REBUKED.

Once, on a summer day,
Far from the beaten way,
Some fairy bade me stray,—

Cupid, mayhap.
Under a leafy tree,
Whom should I chance to see,
Whom, but my Rosalie,
Taking a nap.

There in a lovely nook,
Screened from intruder's look,
Near her neglected book,
Slumb'ring she lay.
What could a fellow do ?
Tell me, sir, wouldn't you
Kneel and take one or two
Kisses away ?

Ah, but I broke the spell !
Opened her eyes, and—well,
Could I do else than tell
How it was broke ?
Humbly for grace I plead ;
Sternly she shook her head :
“Couldn't you wait,” she said,
“Till I awoke ?”

T. L. Frothingham, '84.

AT THE GERMAN.

'Twas one evening at the German
When Waldteufel's waltz had died,
That I quoted Dempster Sherman
To Miranda at my side ;
And I deemed a love-beam lit her
Pansy eyes, but I avow
Such a thought seems very bitter
To me now !

For the rhyme was of a dragon
Hidden in "*her china cup*,"
From the fragile little flagon
Peering, when she raised it up.
I remember,—growing bolder,
As the poet did, you see,—
How that goblin grim I told her
I would be !

Then she looked at me a minute
With the sauciest of smiles,
But I never guessed that in it
Lurked the cruelest of wiles,
Till, with toss of head coquettish,
Flinging back her frizzes loose,
Out she snapped a pert and pettish—
"*You're a goose !*"

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

GRACE AND I.

Down the moonlit beach we wandered,
 Grace and I ;
To my eager words she listened,
 Sweet and shy ;
Far before us stretched the white sands,
 To the sky,
And I quickly stooped and whispered,
 With a sigh :
“Can’t we walk life’s path together,
 You and I,
Till our pathway ends like this one,
 In the sky ?”
Blushing then, she answered sweetly,
 Very sly :
“Yes, but if you walk so slow, dear,
 I’m afraid we’ll never die.”

F. S. Palmer, '87.

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR RHYMING.

So long a time,—so many ways,
I've tried to make you love me !
Will you not cease, in future days,
To hold yourself above me ?

You're sweet and kind, adore your bird,
Look loving at your pony's whinney,—
Then why call all my pains "absurd,"
Why can't you love me, Minnie ?

Why is it that you always mock ?
I know—because my name is—Hobson,
And my quotations are of stock,
While yours are all of Dobson.

No doubt, if I could woo in rhyme,
You'd change toward me completely,
And yield to me, some joyous time,
The lips that tease so sweetly.

But hold ! why not ? I will turn bard,
Become of rhymes a ringer !
I'm sure for me 'twill not be hard
To be a *Minnie-singer* !

C. M. Thompson, '86

NEAR MY DEWY JACQUEMINOT.

Near my dewy Jacqueminot
Cupid lurked one golden morning.
Came Jeannette who told me "No"
Near my dewy Jacqueminot,
But she saw the god and lo !
Changed to tenderness her scorning :
Near my dewy Jacqueminot
Cupid lurked one golden morning !

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

THE KISS.

"Some lips kiss men for pity, not for love",—
And yet such kisses are from her most dear.
One day, the girl I loved kissed me so here,
Right on my forehead, softly, as a dove
Might touch one with its wing, and I thereof
Bear witness that to me it meant, "I fear
You love me as I love you not. Sincere
Is yet my love, as that of saints above."

So very sweet was that kiss unto me,
That, though the one that kissed me has been
wed
To a far braver, better man than I,
I still am ever hoping it will be
That she will come, by loving pity led,
And kiss me there again just as I die.

W. G. Pellew, '80.

SERENADE.

Fair Alice, princess Alice,
Put by thy spinning-wheel ;
Far o'er the purple mountains
The evening shadows steal.

All day through dreary moorlands
I chase the dappled deer ;
Yet in their loneliest coverts
Thy presence seemeth near ;

Thy hair's the tangled sunshine ;
The deep blue sky, thine eyes ;
The wind's soft, sighing whisper,
Thy voice's melodies.

What once to selfish vision
Appeared but coarse and dull,
Thy love, and its sweet service,
Have made most beautiful.

Fair Alice, princess Alice,
Put by thy spinning-wheel ;
Together o'er the mountains
We'll watch the shadows steal.

A. M. Lord, '83.

MY TICKING CLOCK.

My ticking clock in accents clear
Marks, in spite, the moments drear.
"Alack, alack!" its monotone,—
 Sad company for me alone,—
Unceasing cries with mocking jeer.

Ah ! melancholy rules the year
In whose dull hours I sadly hear
 The mocking laugh of imps that own
 My ticking clock.

But if the girlish form were near
Of one whose slightest word is dear—
 The lips as red as rose full blown—
 The eyes with love that met my own,
Then, then could I forget to fear
 My ticking clock.

C. M. Thompson, '86.

ROSE.

Fair maid behold this rose !
It blows
But once ; and then
Torn by the hand of men,
Its freshness goes—
Where—no one knows.

My heart is like this rose.
It grows
Wan at the chilling space
Between it and thy face,
To which it owes
Life and repose.

No earthly power can save
From grave
This fading flower ;
Not e'en thy bosom's power,
Although it gave
Its warmth to save.

Not so my fainting heart,—
'Twould start
To life anew,
Were it but worn by you !
Will you impart
Life to my heart ?

G. C. Cutler, '79.

NAY, ANNETTE.

Nay, Annette ; nay, Annette,
You are tender, pure and true ;
But with all your coyness, sweet,
I have no more love for you.
I have other things at heart,
Books and paintings, works of art,—
Or, I'll own, a living.

Still, Annette ; still, Annette,
I *do* love you,—love you more
Than, I think, you'll ever know.
(Venus ! how her looks implore !)
I entreat you, vail those eyes,
Hush those little plaintive sighs,
You're a witch, or siren.

Yes, Annette ; yes, Annette,
From my love for you I spare you,
Lest I wed you,—such as I.
For I'm fickle ; and so, dare you
Annette, love me, longer love me,
You who are so far above me ?
Do not, Annette, cry.

W. M. Fullerton, '86.

LORELEI.

Fair, petite, with sunny hair
Waving free.
Eyes—the blue that harebells wear,—
As you see,—
And a dainty girlish pride,
(Oh ! so quickly thrown aside)
As it naught could be denied,—
Look ! but flee.

Aye she weaves her siren spells
Round each heart ;
Faithless Cupid never tells
Of the smart
Which her arrows, barbed with smiles,
Give the heart caught in her wiles,—
For from Cupid she beguiles
Every dart.

A. B. Houghton, '86.

THE WIND AND THE POET.

I.

“Oh wind that lightly stirs my hair,
Faint breath of slowly dying even,
How mak’st thou me dream of my fair
And of the kisses she has given ?”

II.

“I dallied with a budding rose
That bloomed beside a lonely rill,
And left her with the evening’s close,
But bear her fragrance with me still.”

C. T. Daze, '81.

A SOUVENIR.

“Un parfum, un vieil air.”

—REVUE DES DEUX MONDES

What is the mystic musky scent
That, like a faded sentiment,
Pervades this letter?
Ah me, it was so long ago!
The times have greatly changed, you know,
Since first I met her.

’Twas underneath the linden-tree,
Whence in the ball-room we could see
The lamps gleam brightly.
I was of course all love and youth,
And she, to tell the sober truth,
My senior, slightly.

I felt the spell of those dark eyes,
Which glanced their eloquent replies
With subtle meaning;
And often since I’ve felt a thrill,
As though her drooping form were still
Upon me leaning.

I longed to be a knight of old—
A Bayard or a Charles the Bold,—
I’ve no clear notion,
Save that in some heroic way
I yearned with ardor to display
My deep devotion.

ARCHERY.

On the shaded lawn we stand,
Little Maud and I ;
Bends the bow her dainty hand,
Lets the arrow fly.

“ Just within the golden ring,
Splendid shot ! ” I say ;
Maud, the winsome little thing,
Blushing, turns away.

Well she knows her aim was true ;
Needs not to be told
That my heart she’s wounded too,
Just within the gold.

Comes a fellow that I hate,
In his hand a bow ;
And the words, perforce, must wait
I would murmur low.

“ Tyros both,” he gayly cries,
“ Try with me your skill ; ”
Arrow after arrow flies,
He is victor still.

Maud, the tricksome little thing,
Never shot so badly ;
Bends her bow and breaks a string,
While I look on sadly.

ARCHERY.

“ You have lost the match, I fear,”
 Thus I whisper low ;
“ You should always have, my dear,
 Two strings to your bow.”

When the evening shadows fall,
 Turn I to Maud’s dwelling,
There to boldly hazard all
 That comes of love’s sweet telling.

Ardently I press my suit,
 Blushingly she listens ;
Still the roguish maid is mute,
 Though her bright eye glistens.

Comes again that hateful swell,
 In the hall she meets him ;
Door ajar and mirror tell
 With a kiss she greets him.

“ Treacherous maiden, answer me,”
 Say I, as we part,
“ Queen of flirts, what is your plea
 For trifling with my heart ? ”

“ Really, sir, this is too bad,”
 Comes the answer low ;
“ You to blame me that I’ve had
 Two strings to my bow ! ”

C. T. Dazey, '81.

HONEYSUCKLE.

Around your bower there hovers,
When vesper bells are heard,
The daintiest of lovers,
An airy hummingbird ;
The bandit bees come banding
By day to win your heart,
But vainly, notwithstanding
Their bland and breezy art.

'Tis to your twilight wooer
You ope your guarded bower,
You deem that he is truer
Than those of noonday hour.
Ah ! foolish one, his tender
Endearments are but those
He whispered to your slender
Sweet cousin there, the rose !

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

"A GARDEN IN THEIR FACES ALL MAY SEE."

Her mouth is a half-blown rose-bud,
Her eyes are violets fair,
Her cheeks are blushing Jacqueminots,
Her tresses ? — maiden hair.

F. W. Atherton, '86.

UNDER THE APPLE-BOUGHS.

Between the apple-boughs bent down
With weight of blossoms white as snow,
The setting sun's broad streamers go
As slow he sets beyond the town,
And over lanes and broad highways
There hangs a veil of golden haze.

Under the apple-boughs she stands
In the broad flood of golden light,
The fairest blossoms in her hands,
Her eyes and hair as dark as night,
She seems a fairy gone astray
To vanish with the fading day.

R. H. Fuller, '88.

TO A BELLE.

Be warned, Fair One, to use thy power with care,
For now how long 'twill last you may not tell;—
Man stays not always brave, nor woman fair;
Look, therefore, while it lasts to use it well.
Award thy praise where it will give a joy,
For praise may make, and censure may destroy.

Winthrop Wetherbee, '87.

HELIOTROPE.

Heliotrope of gracile mien,
You that ever sunward lean
 In the morning's gleam and glow,
 Or when weary toilers go
Homeward 'twixt the hedgerows green,

Prithee, tell me, have you seen
Blithesome, debonair Irene,
 Heard her sweet laugh overflow,
 Heliotrope ?

Answer, you whose eyes are keen,
Did she, like a timid queen,
 Bend to you and murmur low
 Secrets that I long to know,
By this rose-tree's leafy screen,
 Heliotrope ?

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

A SIESTA.

Beloved, in your snowy gown,
Upon the grass half sleeping,
Through lashes I can see the brown
Soft eyes their vigil keeping
Expectantly, as if, ere long,
Some minstrel might discover
The banjo there without a song,
And you without a lover.

Down through the leafy vistas dart
The song birds, blithe and happy,
Their notes eluding human art,
Their music gay and scrappy :
I dare not breathe a word lest you
Should break your vision dreamy,
Awake, arise, and, peering through
A leafy window, see me.

I toss this message where it lies,—
A verse in common metre;
Beneath your gracious, girlish eyes
It may seem something sweeter:
And if it does, O, if it does
Seem so when thus reflected,
Know then, dear one, the writer was
The minstrel you expected.

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

THE BALLADE OF A KISS.

Hair like a mist in the sun,
Eyes like the blue of the sky,
Mouth like a rosebud half blown,
Curved for a laugh or a sigh—
Pouting yet peeping to spy,
If the fate-bearing daisy told true,
As she stood there, demurely, I—why
I kissed her, of course,—wouldn't you?

That new waltz of Strauss' had begun—
That waltz throbbing hard like a cry
Wrought of pleasure and pain all in one,—
And the dancers went lazily by,
As she gave me the daisy to try
Whether Cupid said anything new;
Then she sighed—oh, so softly—and—why
I kissed her, of course,—wouldn't you?

Just a kiss—what's the harm that was done?
Not a soul in the garden was nigh,
And, you know, what is found out by none
Never happened—none need to deny.
Just a kiss snatched from lips that were shy
As the blush that across her cheek flew,
And the red of the rose would out-vie—
I kissed her, of course,—wouldn't you?

L'envoi !

Pretty maid, now my *ballade* is done,
You ask, what's the moral to you?
I haste to reply, there is none—
But—I kissed her—*of course*—wouldn't you?

A. B. Houghton, '86.

A PASTORAL.

Tripping with Corydon along,
Phyllis sang this pretty song :—

“ If a lover have a maid,
 And the maiden faithless be,
Let him seek no other maid ;
 Let the former one go free.
For maidens’ hearts
 Are full of starts,
Forever fond of roving;
 They laugh and cry,
 Are bold and shy,
E’er hating while they’re loving.

“ In maidens’ hearts, Love, like the tides
 That swelling fill the river,
Full oft returns, but short abides,
 And is for leaving ever.
 Then let them go
 To joy or woe,
And think no more about them;
 Bend to thy work,
 No longer shirk,
And seek no more to scout them.”

And so sweet she sang the song
That poor Corydon ere long
Was tasting long-forbidden sips,
Stealing nectar from her lips.

A PASTORAL.

But darkness soon was round them falling
And Philomela's plaintive calling
Filled the vale with mournful sound;
When, beneath the green-wood tree,
He piped to her this melody,—
Piped, and sang this loving round :—

“Thou dost steal my heart from me,
Oh! grant but this for my return:
Since I vow I love but thee,
Do not let me vainly burn.
But yesterday I wandered free;
To-day I am thy slave;
Dost thou deny my love for thee,
I'll quickly seek my grave.”

Thus they sang, this pretty pair:
While, all around,
From marshy ground,
The mists of even rose in air.
Thus they sang their tender lay;
While, from above,
The moon looked love,
As they sought their homeward way.

G. C. Cutler, '79.

THE ROSE AND THE BOOK.

Here is an antique folio—
A poor brain's product long ago—
 Time-stained and dusty;
Whose yellow pages crack and tear,
And shed upon the outer air
 An incense musty.

And lo ! the parted leaves disclose,
Pressed in their cold embrace, a rose !
 About it hovers
The faint perfume which plainly tells
That hereabouts the spirit dwells
 Of former lovers.

Did Romeo—would we could know !—
Trust, haply, to the folio,
 Fresh in its glory,
This love-gift from his Juliet,
That heedless Time might not forget
 Their tender story ?

Perchance, 'twas in the Georgian days,
In some old dance's measured maze
 They trod together;
Or when the rose was wet with dew,
And clover-scented breezes blew
 Across the heather.

THE ROSE AND THE BOOK.

Or was is it one whose life apart
Had chilled the currents of his heart,
 Till, all unbidden,
Love laughed before his startled eyes,
And stirred, with tremulous surprise,
 The chord long hidden ?

’Tis vain to seek. Put back the rose.
It bloomed for stately dames and beaus,
 Now silent lying.
It brightens up the quaint old prose,
And breathes sweet memories of those
 Who’ve long ceased sighing.

But stay ! what is the paper there ?
A folded note still lying where
 Fond fingers hid it :
“Dear Francis, it can never be.—”
Adieu to Fancy’s flights ! Ah, me !
 ’Twas I, who did it !

F. M. Michael, '87.

GOOD NIGHT.

The white stars blossom in the skies,
Like daisies strewn in azure aisles;
I miss but two,—the gentle eyes
That greet me with your smiles.

Love's small astronomy is mine,
Who missing these miss all the rest:
I hate these rival lights that shine
To mock my lonely quest.

Good night, and may the angels keep
Their faithful watches o'er each lid,
Behind whose fringes, bathed in sleep,
A turquoise sky is hid.

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

ANACREONTIC.

I wish Achilles' wrath to sing;
I wish to herald Cadmus' glory;
But, lo ! my lyre's reluctant string
Will only thrill to Love's sweet story.

I change the string, retune the lyre,
The feats of Hercules relating;
But still the stubborn chords conspire,
The joys of Love reiterating.

Henceforth, ye heroes, all farewell !
For you no more my harp unwilling
Shall bid its numbers glowing swell,—
For love alone shall claim its thrilling.

C. F. Lummis, '81.

EIRENE.

A quiet step of gentle grace,
A slender form, with winsome face,
A simple girl.

Now sweeter tolls the village bell,
And richer rolls the organ's swell;
The church indeed a heaven seems,
Had happy buds of rosy dreams

 Their leaves unfurl,
Like the apple-blooms, which gem yon bough,
And fling their flush upon her brow
With fragrance sweet,
As by her wonted window wide,
With glimpse of lake and far hillside,
 She takes her seat.

Gone are the weary weeks of toil,
Where the city's torrents roar and roil
Through its canons and cliffs of chambered stone.
Most wondrous fair have all things grown.
Serenely, from her restful face,
New joy and reverence fill the place.

 Encrusting care,
The chrysalis of sin, gives way;
My soul strives forth to heavenly day;
She gives it snowy wings that raise
It high toward Him in praise,
 Who made her fair.

E. W. Waters, '78.

ALICE APTHORP.

Old Yellow House, standing here
More than twice a hundred year,
Now dingy grown and wasting away
Pillar and roof in slow decay,
To that gay time come back with me
When underneath thy great roof-tree
Fair Alice dwelt.

Fair Alice, Bishop Aphorp's child,
Full of mirth and a little wild,
Who in sixteen and eighty-three
Followed her sire across the sea
From the Old England to the New;
And so, happy old House, in you
Fair Alice dwelt.

Fancy how her dainty ways,
Coqueties, and Paris stays,
The grave young Puritans o'erthrew,
Till, in a month, a crop-eared crew
Forgetting duties, church and law,
When the gay coquette they saw,
To Alice knelt.

When the grim old deacons heard
How the younger blood had erred,
How she'd taught them to be gay
In her pretty, old-world way,
How she flirted, how she danced,
While the young men, quite entranced,
In homage knelt;

ALICE APTHORP.

Then the elders all demand
That Fair Alice leave the land.
And she, half-sorry to obey,
Smiled and wept, and sailed away
To England, leaving grief and care
And broken hearts to linger where
Fair Alice dwelt.

F. S. Palmer, '87.

SOFT O'ER THE HILLS OF LANCASTER.

Soft o'er the hills of Lancaster
The autumn evening fell,
When last you pressed my lingering hand,
And laughing said farewell.

I heard your deep, young, earnest voice
Familiar fall and rise,
And saw at times your purpose strong
Light up your clear brown eyes.

The sunset fades o'er Lancaster,
The dear old hills grow dim;
And, as of old, the harvest moon
Hangs o'er Wachusett's rim.

But you to-night are far away
Beside a foreign sea,
And the moon-lit hills of Lancaster
Are fair, but not to me !

A. M. Lord, '83.

TOE A COLDE-HARTED ONE.

Inne ye days longe pass'd 'tis sayde a Certaine
One

Bye Fellowe-Men yclept Pygmalion,
Dyd fashion from a snowye Parian Square
A Mayden-Forme soe true, soe pure, soe fayre,
Soe fulle of Beautie for ye Eyne toe see
Inne parfaite Grace & goddlyke Symetrie,
Yt, heedless of Hymselfe, ye onlie Real,
He felle inne Love wyth Her, hys own Ideall;
Forgott hys Alle, forgott hys mortalle Lott,
Alle butt hys burnynge Love for Her forgott.
Atte length some Godd compassionate dyd give
Ye Stone, ye Heate of Lyfe, & bade it live,
& lent its Harte ye Fever of swete Love;
Ye joyous Twaine dyd blesse ye Godds above.

O wolde yt I, too, hadde some Friendshippe won
Toe lykewise turn toe me a Harte of Stone;
O wolde yt now some Godd wolde bid awake
& touch thyne Harte wyth Flame, for Love's
swete Sake,

Wolde make thy Soule toe thrille wyth Love
for me.

Nott thine, butt mine for alle Yeres yett toe bee.

Winthrop Wetherbee, '87.

A FAN.

Your ivory limbs are crushed,
Your fragrant breath exhaled,
Your tell-tale flutter hushed,
Your crimson paled.

Yet once, with charmèd grace,
You swayed the hearts of men,
And flaunted royal lace,—
Valenciennes.

With stately mien and brave,
Fair fan to fairer far,
My great-grandfather gave
Great-grandmamma.

At courtly ball and rout
You hid my lady's blush:
Now flirted scandal out;
Now fluttered "Hush!"

And reputations died,
As you shook praise or blame;
And—rouge or blushes hide
The gazer's shame.

Gay gallants watched your beck,
Sighed as you rose or fell;
And many a ruffled neck
Has known you well.

A FAN.

And hundred wits and beaus
In your ear, peerless fan,
Sighed epigrams, in those
Good days of Anne.

Well,—somebody grew old;
And when you failed to please,
Your sceptre passed to hold—
To fair Elise.

And she, in girlish fun,
Demure as maidens are,
By your coquettings won
Young grandpapa.

Those snowy hands are still
That tossed you and caressed;
The hearts you used to thrill
Are now at rest.

And what veiled beauty's eyes,
And charmed as beauty can,
Here by me shattered lies—
A baby's fan.

W. G. Pellew, '80..

A PETITION.

When I lacked but two of twenty,
You were turning sweet sixteen:
You had devotees in plenty
All about you like a queen:—
Boys who found your flowing locks of
Gold performing magic spells,—
Boys whose vows went in a box of
Caramels.

Youth is innocent and simple:
Theirs are loves that last a day;
Hearts that flutter for a dimple
Only while the dimples stay:
Charmed and caught by pretty faces,
Each new comer shares a part
In the countless vacant places
Of the heart.

There was something most angelic
In your rosy girlish face,
Like a piece of rare Pentelic
Marble carved with Grecian grace,
Pink with apple-blossom tinges,
When I met your soft brown eyes
Watching me through silken fringes,
Corner-wise.

A PETITION.

Six short years ago, we, happy,
Clasped our hands and said good-bye;
Then your tiny missives, scrappy,
Came to comfort me, while I
Sent you hostage after hostage,
Sealed in envelopes of blue,
Very often with the postage
Over-due.

But you treated them so kindly
When abroad and when at home,
Love went straight, howe'er so blindly,
From my chamber clear to Rome.
Love so long has played opossum
In the vines of greenish ink,
I should like to make them blossom
What I think.

Then the lines, as you have seen them,
Dull and prosy heretofore,
Suddenly shall show between them
Quite distinctly something more.
You may then pronounce me fickle
In a moment's gust of grief,
If you'll let a tear-drop trickle
Down the leaf.

A PETITION.

I have loved a dozen others
In these half a dozen years,
But your dear remembrance smothers
Every new one that appears;
I've forgotten them with ghoulish
Satisfaction; and their loves
I have labelled as my "Foolish
Boyhood's Loves."

Life is lonely,—melancholy,
Full of sorrow and regret
For this by-gone fun and folly;
But one hope inspires me yet,
That you'll hesitate to see a
Fellow's heart consuming for
Some one dear who makes him be a
Bachelor.

I've enough of lover's anguish
To supply a score of men,
And I shall not cease to languish
Till you take your smoothest pen
And indite a dainty letter
To confidingly confess
That you think you'd really better
Tell me—yes !

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

Part XV. **Youth.**

**Do come, he sayd, my minestrales
And gestours, for to tellen tales
Anon in mine arming.**

THE DEVIL.

He's in a tremendous hurry,—
That devil behind the door;
But my thoughts are all in a flurry:
My Pegasus will not soar.

I've corned and oated him well,
And trotted him out, you know;
But 'tis all a sorrowful sell,—
The animal will not go.

Yes, sorrows are flocking, flocking,
And poets are growing lean;
And the devil is knocking, knocking,—
The printer's devil, I mean.

Edward Hale, '79.

AY ME !

Ay me for the roses and lilies !
For the lilies, the lilies and roses,
Faint lilies, which exquisite noses
Prefer to all manner of posies.
Ay me for the daffidowndillies !
Alas ! alas ! why have ye thus departed !
Why thus have gone and left me broken-hearted?
For I am mild, my temper is unruffled;
My tastes are plain ; my luxury, eggs truffled.
But ye are gone, and I must take what comes,
Mere rhododendrons and chrysanthemums !

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

SOLD !

I wandered out one moonlight night,
With mild guitar in hand,
To serenade the maid I loved
And 'neath her casement stand.
I'd sung her all the songs I knew,
My voice began to fail,
When on the door a sign I saw:—
“ *This House and Lot for Sale.* ”

H. H. Furness, Jr. '88.

CONTENTMENT.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender, and big, and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west, the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off from her golden hair.
Those calm, deep eyes were turned towards
mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight's flood,
I see her standing peacefully now ;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud
As I rubbed her ears,—that Jersey cow.

C. R. Clapp, '84.

STRAUSS AND THE DEVIL.

To Strauss (the elder of that name),
At his piano drumming,
One day the restless devil came,
And sudden was his coming.
"What is your wish?" with anxious eye
Inquired the great composer;
To which the devil made reply,
"You're wanted down below, sir!"

For Strauss thus hastily to go
Was something that he hated,
No matter how much those below
His company awaited.
He could not leave the pledges dear
Of love that so exalts us,
And now and then he'd like to hear
His own enchanting waltzes.

And so he begged a little boon
Of terrible old Harry:
"Permit me for one favorite tune
A moment more to tarry."
The matter seemed not to displease,
The favor was permitted;
And gently o'er the ivory keys
The master's fingers flitted.

STRAUSS AND THE DEVIL.

“Arrectis auribus” the devil
Intently stood and listened:
He felt him thrilled from head to heel,
His eyeballs fairly glistened.
Till, as oft-times the wind we see
Whirling the helpless vapor,
So moved the music him, and he
Around began to caper.

He danced and waltzed away, away,
As Strauss played fast and faster;
Against his will he must obey
A mortal man as master.
Breathless he cried out with a cough,
But loud enough to hear, yet;
“Stop, stop! if you will let me off,
I’ll let you live a year, yet.”

But Strauss played on. “Five years!” he cried,
And fainter grew his speaking;
“Ten years!”—the while his heated hide
With sulphurous sweat was reeking.
Then Strauss took pity on his case
(For he was tender-hearted),
And straightway to his proper place
The luckless devil started.

STRAUSS AND THE DEVIL.

“Le diable est mort,” the Frenchmen say,
Which I at times have doubted ;
But if alive, 'tis sure he may
By Strauss's tunes be routed.
Then play we still his waltzes grand
When we are sad or blue-sick ;
Black spirits and blue can never stand
The power divine of music.

C. C. Ziegler, '84.

SOMEWHAT LARGE.

Young Parson Pert on Deacon Small
On parish business made a call.
In spying round, a safe he saw,
In height perhaps six feet or more.

With laughter did the parson roar ;
“Why, Deacon, you could safely store
A fortune there. The smallest till
Yourself and money well would fill.”

“Waal, Parson, it ain't small, I'm sure,”
The Deacon drawled, with smile demure,
“But then, the size I don't regret,
'Twas made to hold the church's debt.”

W. A. Hayes, '84.

SIC SEMPER PRIGIS.

In Bagdad once, the story ran,
There lived a literary man,
Whose knowledge since the world began
Has seldom been exceeded.

No young A. B.
Of high degree
Had ever known as much as he,
Nor half as much had needed.

Now, like his kind, in all he saw
This learned prig could pick a flaw,
And answer knotty points of law
With due correctness dreary ;
Till far and wide,
The people cried,
“Oh ! may some evil fate betide
This prosy ‘ Note and Query ’ !

At length there came from India’s soil
A musty sage, bowed low with toil,
(The sort whose love of midnight oil
Impairs their good digestion),
Who sought, forsooth,
In love of truth,
To put this Dryasdust to proof
By putting him a question.

SIC SEMPER PRIGIS.

According to his stern decrees,
(For thrift abhors the proctor's fees)
They locked Prig up to think at ease
Solutions superhuman.

At break of day,
(The papers say),
"Remains" were found, and by them lay
The question "What is woman?"

G. R. Nutter, '85.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

When all the ground with slush is spread,
And Spring with muddy aspect comes,
The maiden laughing shows her teeth,
And hunts about to find her "gums."

But when the course of time rolls on,
And faded is the youthful wreath,
The antique maiden shows her gums,
And hunts about to find her teeth !

'85.

SONG OF A STRAW-RIDE.

We fly, and hie on the wings of the gale,
O'er hill, through forest and down and dale,
And mirth and laughter are our delight,
This merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

Three youths are we, and three maidens fair,—
A lucky number, the muses declare ;
The damozels' eyes make far more bright
This merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

The moon-sprites dance through the tittering
trees,
While girlish laughter, in gladsome keys,
Flouts Father Time, and puts him to flight,
This merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

The fragrant straw is our soft tapis,—
A royal carpet, as all agree.
And never a care creeps into spite
This merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

Then Cupid comes with his bended bow,
But works no one of us any woe,
For we feel his power and own his might
This merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

ENVY.

Damozels, oft, as I grind away,
Wearily, drearily, night and day,
There dawns a vision upon my sight :
That merry, mischievous, moonlit night.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

IN TRIVIIS.

Now let us pray, God save us from all fools;—
First, from the fool who stands and points a way
Dusty and beaten, and can only say,—
“Your fathers trod that road, take ye it too;
How can ye better than your elders do?”
Next from the fool who cries, “This road is best,
For it is all untrodden; all the quest
Made by your sires is nothingness to you.”
Next from the fool who tempts, “Let be! let
be!—
Why should we seek a way we cannot find?
Lie down and rest for all roads come to
naught.”
Last, save us from ourselves (sad fools are we,
Puffed up with pride,—blind leaders of the
blind),
Lest we pass on, leaving the road unsought.

G. L. Kittridge, '82.

I had convoyed her safely down the stairs,
Her safe had convoyed and her bouquet too;
“And shall I have,” with half an inward smile,
“No guerdon, fair one, for my service done?”
Meaning a violet or the like. But she
Drew nearer to me, nothing now in sport,
And smiling sweetly said, “Take what you
please!”
And at that word I took—myself away.

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

SLAV DRINKING SONG.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Pour forth ! Fill up ! Stint not the glass!
The while you linger moments pass,
 The Present is our own.
Drink deep oblivion ! Cease to try
Life's gloomy secrets to espy.
 Let mirth reign here alone !

Youth, hoping high, spurn not the wine,
The ruddy blood of autumn's vine;
 Love cherishes the bowl.
Man lives to-day ; to-morrow dies.
Drink and be merry ! Thus despise
 Old Death and his fatal toll.

Good wine will tinge the cheek of age;
Life is for him a closing page,
 His heart is in the past.
He lives in memory. From its pain
In generous bumpers will he gain
 Forgetfulness at last.

G. A. Morrison, '87.

RECIPE FOR AESTHETICISM.

Disturb your hair and pinch your waist,
A languid style affect,
Of naught but nerve and brain food taste,
If you would be correct.

Fit up a room in careless style
With stiff-backed furniture,
And many a rug and jug and tile
The cultured eye to lure.

In conversation bear in mind
To speak in muffled tone,
The more you hide your voice you'll find
Your friends leave you alone.

A hesitating air impart
To every step you take,
As if you feared to drop apart
At every little shake.

Then criticise some masterpiece
You think is not complete;
The part of ass in lion's fleece
Best suits the true æsthetic.

W. W. Kent, '82.

A MOAN AFTER MOONRISE.

AFTER THE MANNER OF A CERTAIN SWEET SINGER.

[*Addressed to Students of N. H.*]

A ballad, a ballad of megalothèria,
Bounding about on a boundless shore ;
Bounding about to an operette aria,
Where now with peaks and pines the pale
Apennines soar.

By the wildering wash of the wandering water,
Laughing and leaping, on, on went they,
Forgetting the stern, savage saurian of slaughter
That warily awaited his evening prey.

Soon them the swift shadows of sunset descending
Reminded of supper and slippers at home ;
Now see them homeward their weary way
wending,
Resolved again never so far to roam.

Lo ! a form, huge and horrent, with horns and
horror,
Lazily leaping along the billow,
Glittering, and ghastly, and green, a terror
Wherever the fair, fleeting foam-flakes flow.

Twice, twice, gaped he wide with his far
flashing fangs,
And each gulp ended a megalothèrium;
The pale moon terror-stricken in mid-heaven
hangs,
For she's awf'ly afraid that next her turn'll
come.

A MOAN AFTER MOONRISE.

When pleasure is dearest, is Nemesis nearest,
And fierce furies follow the feet of crime;—
The pale poet pauses—there comes not the
merest
Mutilatedest, meanest ghost of a rhyme.

Groaning and gasping, the great, green water-
snake
Is choking and coughing, and churning the
sand;
Two such bites for him e'en, were too much, all
too much to take,—
See, he lies stark and stiff on the strand.

Many years after, there panting and weary, a
Pale, palæozoic, professor dug,
And he found there the two tender megalothèria
Entombed within the saurian's lug.

Say not, O carping, cold, crippled, crabbed
critic,
That the soft tale no sweet human interest
hath;
You but burden the bards with your bonds
analytic,
And vainly would block genuine genius his
path.

A MOAN AFTER MOONRISE.

Yet, ye fierce, fuming, farcical, fond forces critical,
Ink-sputtering, blame-muttering, bosh-utter-
ing throng,
See, to content you, I draw a moral,
A moral conclusion to this my song.

MORAL.

Make more than two bites at two megalothèria,
And be careful never, never to roam,—
Tho' in all your life, you may have, as yet, met
nary a
Megalothèrium—far from home.

H. S. Sanford, '88.

A SUPPLICATION.

Damsel fair, forever playing
Dewy morning, night and noon,
Rosy fingers swiftly straying
O'er a keyboard out of tune,

Hear me, hear me, I implore thee !
Have compassion on my brain ;
By the lovers that adore thee
Such compassion were not vain !

Heedless of a thousand scoffers,
I would wish thee wealth untold,
Suitors bearing flowing coffers
Shining with barbaric gold ;

A SUPPLICATION.

Countless rings,—a sacque of sealskin,—
(Then that jersey thou might'st spare
That, as tight as any eelskin,
Every morn I see thee wear !)

Bards to praise with courtly fancies,
Tenors, too, to soar and sing
Of thine eyes like purple pansies,
And thy lips low murmuring.

Hark ! I hear a sound arising
On the slumberous twilight air !—
'Tis an awful, agonizing
Answer to my earnest prayer !

I have importuned thee vainly,
Called thee "fair,"—endearing name,—
Now an ugly, ay ! ungainly
Damsel do I thee proclaim !

Mingled with the bird-song dropping
Liquidly from tiny throats,
Comes the jangle thou call'st "*Chopping*,"
With its dire, discordant notes.

And thy spirit never wearies ;
Mine another wish is now !—
Would they call thy mother "Ceres,"
And "Proserpina" wert thou !

A SUPPLICATION.

Then, as in the olden story,
O Miss Araminta Brown,
Some Plutonian despot hoary
To the "shades" might drag thee down !

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

TRUE COURAGE.

"And said, ' What a brave boy am I ! ' "

How bold the haughty *Crimson* is,
How dauntless and how free!
He challengèd the *Advocate*
To row a race with he.

The *Advocate* has ne'er a man
That ever handled oar ;
The *Crimson* has but five who've rowed
In one class race or more.

The *Advocate* has not a man ;
The *Crimson* only five ;
Now who'll deny the *Crimson* is
The bravest man alive ?

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

LENT.

Fritz Albert de Smythe was a gallant young
swell;

He was quite the real thing you must know;
Of the feminine hearts he had conquered, to
tell

'Twould be hard,—'twas three dozen or so.
But as to his own heart, so used had it grown,
As he said, he "ne'er gave it, 'twas only
'a loan.'"

But, once, our Fritz Albert encountered his
fate,—

A beauty both brilliant and gay;
But though he plead earnestly, early and
late

She answered invariably—"Nay."
Till, at last, in despair, he exclaimed with a
groan,
"Do not give me your heart, let it be but a
loan."

The fair one replied in a sweet, gentle tone,
And with accents that made his heart thrill:
"Since you wish not a gift then, but merely a
loan,

It shall be, my Fritz Al., as you will."
She spoke, and a glimmer of merriment shone
From her eyes as she turned and left him
—alone!

J. McG. Foster, '82.

JILTED.

“Stay me with flagons,—for I am sick of love.”—Song of
Sol. ii, 5.

To seem gay and youthful, I’m trying,
But my heart is as old as the hills;
And I feel that those parties are lying
Who tell me that grief never kills.

My story, that has oft been related,
For I fit in an old, old groove,
Since never, as some one has stated,
Did the course of true love run smooth.

Susceptible, young, and romantic,
I thought her an angel of light;
And still, save when grief makes me frantic,
I firmly believe I was right.

An angel she was,—but the healing
She bore on her wings was a part
Of the means which she used for annealing
Another young man’s broken heart.

I often detected her chuckling,
As we rambled beneath the pale moon;
For she looked upon me as a suckling,
Attempting to manage a “spoon.”

How little I thought she was tasking
Her brain with so faithless a plan;
She might have had me for the asking,—
But she pitched on that other young man.

JILTED.

So that's why I say, "Bring on flagons,
And place them convenient for me."

'Tis not that I wish to see dragons,
And snakes, as men do in "D. T."

No, no; 'tis because I would quiet
This sorrow to which I am linked;
While fancy, unshackled, runs riot,
And memories grow indistinct.

Let me cherish once more the delusion
That girls are as true as they seem;
And, during my mental confusion,
Imagine it all was a dream.

E. S. Martin, '77.

A SKETCH AT THE BEACH.

He but a trifle o'er thirty,
She might have been twenty-three,
Playing her cards very nicely,
Gossips began to agree.

Pacing the airy veranda,
Breasting the billowy wave,
Playing at tennis or bowling,
He her untiring slave.

Tenderly shy and confiding,
Showing her soul in her face,
Charmingly well would become her
Bride's orange-blossoms and lace.

A SKETCH AT THE BEACH.

Who wouldn't snare such a fellow,
Pale, interesting, and tall,
Trusting to fate the sweet future,
Whatever else might befall?

Ah, for the nimble-tongued gossips !
Fate makes us all her buffoons,—
She's not a cent, and he cannot
Pay for his last pantaloons.

W. W. Kent, '82

KITTY LE CLAIR.

Under the hazes of autumn
Summer is veiling her face ;
Over the bloom of the meadow
October's creeping apace.

Down by the stone-walled orchard
Golden-rod lavisheth wealth ;
Breath of the pink-lipped clover
Floats in delicious stealth.

Bobolink there in the barley,
Clad in his summer array,
Very forgetful of manners,
Whistles his roundelay.

KITTY LE CLAIR.

Sweeter than breath of the clover,
Fairer than golden-rod fair,
Down through the velvety meadow
Comes pretty Kitty Le Clair.

What does she care for the picture
Nature has painted so well,
While in her heart there's a sorrow
Nature can never expel ?

Down through the velvety meadow,
Up to the old stone wall,
Where on a moss-grown boulder
She lets her dainty head fall.

Tight in her fast-clenched fingers,
A note all crumpled and mussed,
Seems a too innocent weapon
To deal her so cruel a thrust.

“Jack, I did think you were truer,”
She sobs to herself by the stone,
“After so much fond devotion,
And all the attention you’ve shown.

“You say ‘twas a ‘summer flirtation,’—
That I knew you were ‘only in fun’;
But I think it of all mean amusements
The wickedest under the sun.

KITTY LE CLAIR.

“ And ‘business calls you to Boston’;
 But dull as I am, it’s quite plain,
You’ve gone to see Fannie Van Coulson,
 You met last July in the train.

“ I know I’m not brilliant and witty,
 And have got most horrid light hair ;
But I don’t think you’ll soon find another
 Who loves you like Kitty Le Clair..

“ Of course you don’t know that, last evening,
 At the hop, after what you had said,
I gave Ted De Forest the mitten,
 And—Oh dear ! I wish I were dead !”

But just then there popped up beside her
 A frowzy and tow-colored head,
And breaks on the ear of Miss Kitty
 The voice of her small brother Fred.

“ I say, Kitty, I wouldn’t mind it,—
 And then he gets ready to run,—
“ ’Cause Jack didn’t send you that letter,
 I wrote it myself, jus’ for fun !”

W. W. Kent, '82.

TO MY STYLOGRAPH.

O Stylograph, my blessing and my bane,
Great source of anguish and of joy withal,
Both help and hindrance. E'en as blessings
fall,

When least we want them, plenteous as rain,
And when we want them most we pray in vain ;
So is't with thee—all heedless to my call
The ink flows not, and, when unwished for, all
Thy stream bursts forth as floods sweep o'er the
plain.

'Tis ever thus, and now I sit to-day
The blue-book's page before me mocking
spread,
The ink flows not—again and yet again
I shake thee, Stylo, and in vain essay.
'Tis no avail—both ink and hope have fled,—
Ho ! proctor there, prithee thy stylo pen !

S. S. Bartlett, '85.

LAUS JOVIS PLUVII.

When bright eyes and admiring eyes
But one umbrella find ;
When long hair and short hair both
Are towzled by the wind ;
When large hands must squeeze too hard
To keep the small hands warm,—
Is the soft heart already lost,
Or will it go by storm ?

Arthur Hale, '80

WHY ?

Why does it haunt me, haunt me like this ?—

Two or three freckles, the sauciest nose,
Lips like cherries and made to kiss,
Kissed by others since, I suppose.

Kissed by others since, I suppose.

What does it matter ? I had my share.
Breezes and breezes fondle the rose,
Tell me, for that is the rose less fair ?

Tell me, for that is the rose less fair ?

One wind comes as another goes,—
Ordo saclorum, why should I care ?
Breezes and breezes fondle the rose.

Lips like cherries and made to kiss,
Two or three freckles the sauciest nose,—
Out on it ! why does it haunt me like this ?
Kissed by others since, I suppose.

G. L. Kittredge, '82.

A MODERN PURITAN.

Not earnest prayer, nor learned and lengthy sermon,

(A sizzling discourse on eternal fire),

Nor knotty point of creed my faith is firm on,

Nor doubtful music of the crack-voiced choir;

Not one nor all of these held my attention

That Sunday morning in the country church:
Upon a maid (her name I need not mention)

My eyes were fixed; her face I tried to search.

Her quiet face, expressive of demureness,

Was turned away, except at moments rare;

Her dress was white, fit emblem of the pureness

Of her chaste thoughts,—so thought I, musing
there.

Brown waving hair, rebelled in golden ringlets ;

A narrow veil drawn tight across her nose ;

So like a bird, which, poised on outstretched
wing, lets

Mankind admire the beauty of her pose !

Her maiden eyes, deep blue, down-cast devoutly,

Gazed at the opened hymn-book in her lap ;

While I gazed at the maiden still more stoutly—

(By doing so, I lost my accustomed nap).

A MODERN PURITAN.

“Example of strict Puritanic training,
A goodly heritage in Heaven’s courts
For thy sweet self thou art most surely gaining”;
Thus I addressed the maiden—in my thoughts.

A parting glance ; I stopped and looked intently:
My feelings to describe all language fails.
Great Scott ! For, pious fraud, most reverently
She had been polishing her finger-nails !

T. T. Baldwin, '86.

MY ETHEL.

Sins that are sinless fascinate my Ethel ;
Mild cigarettes she smokes upon the sly ;
A claret punch, with me, delights my Ethel,
Or sip of light sauterne or “extra dry.”.

A picturesque flirtation charms my Ethel,—
A moonlight stroll upon the garden walk;
If the gallant be bold and gay, my Ethel
Is not averse to sentimental talk.

'86.

TO MY EARS.

On viewing their enlarged condition the morning after they
were thawed out.

Your attractions haven't fled,
Frozen ears ;
Rosiest of rosy red
Frozen ears ;
And besides your bright complexions,
You've grown plump in all directions,
Little dears.

What a dainty little pair,
Frozen ears ;
Is there nothing you can spare,
Frozen ears ?
Goodness, how I long to clip 'em !
Can't I, just a little, snip 'em ?
Where's the shears ?

I don't *feel* your sad effects,
Frozen ears,
Only now and then, when—ex—
Cuse these tears—
When I gingerly caress you,
Ugh ! why then may—heaven bless you,
Frozen ears !

C. R. Clapp, '84.

THE PENITENT (?)

My poker chips are lying near
With pipes and glasses. *All* the gear
For raising merry Nick o' nights.
Ah, sad and many are the plights
They've placed me in. It is quite clear
'Twas not for poker I came here !
To conscience-promptings I'll give ear,
And burn the chief of my delights
My poker chips !

Yet when I lift the chips so dear
And turn me towards the fire, appear
The glasses gleaming in the lights,—
The jolly fellows—all the sights
That charm,—then resolutions veer !
How can I lose these friends sincere,
My poker chips ?

C. M. Thompson, '86.

AN IDYL OF NEW ORLEANS.

Yes, stranger ! you well may say so,
Sech times as last summer we had
Is what tries the souls of mortals,
An' sorts out the good an' the bad.

Ye didn't know Hank McGuffy ?
Wal, 'taint much loss, thet's clear,
The "wickedest man in Memphis"
Was what he was called down here.

Gambler, an' drunkard, an' hossthief,
Spent most of his time in jail.
He was tarred an' feathered in Vicksburg,
An' rode out of town on a rail.

Many there was as trembled
At the sight o' the "Yaller Death,"
An' got right up an' dusted
At the whiff o' his charnal breath.

There was some as left the country
To save their worthless lives,
There was some as shook their children,
An' some as shook their wives,

Not caring who might suffer,
Not a thought for the helpless sick,
But leaving all behind them
Lit out on the double quick.

AN IDYL OF NEW ORLEANS.

But Hank, did he play the coward?
Was he one o' them that slid
As fast as their legs could take 'em?
Yes, Stranger! you bet he did.

W. S. Barnes, '86.

IMPARTIAL.

"All men are just the same to me":
(See! how demure and sweet her face is):
So I (pray, wouldn't you?) agree
To flirt with her upon that basis.

Her dainty hand I press to-day,—
Sweet kisses from her lips I borrow;
Pray, what care I if others may
Have done the same,—or may to-morrow?

T. T. Baldwin, '86.

DISCONTENT.

A "Reputable, National, Present" Poem.

Amid primeval forests
A woful woodman stood :
Upon a costly charger
A count came through that wood :
Thus to soliloquize began
That melancholy lum—timberman :—*

"I would I were a noble !
A merry life I'd lead ;
I'd ride about the country
Upon a stately steed,
In velvet cloak and doublet dressed,
Silk hose and gold-embroidered v—waistcoat."*

Meanwhile the count was thinking :
"Alas, ah, woe is me !
If I were but a peasant,
How happy I should be !
I'm tired of courtly tilt and dance,
My soul for rustic pleasure p—trousers."*

C. H. Grandgent, '83.

* "Principles of Rhetoric," pp. 7, 27.

AFTER THE BALL.

The moon, sinking fast to the westward,—
 Just a delicate crescent of light ;
The breeze, as it played through the elm-
 boughs,
 Seemed to wish us a whispered “Good-
 night.”

Some moments we lingered in silence
 At the gate, for how often we feel
That words can at best but too faintly
 Our purest emotions reveal.

The fairest of airiest fancies
 In my thoughts to a purpose was grown,
As I felt a slight, tremulous pressure
 Of the arm that touched lightly my own.

“What is it?” I asked, drawing nearer ;
 “I was thinking,” he said, with a sigh,
“How their fielder—confound him!—succeeded
 In catching my prettiest fly.”

J. L. Pennypacker, '80.

SUPER-OSCULATION,

How doth the little busy boy
Improve each shining bower,
To gather honey all the day
From every maiden flower.

Perhaps his age is seventeen,
Mayhap it's but eleven ;
No matter, he can honey get
Each day in all the seven.

Ah, happy, happy little boy,
To draw such dainty ration,
In innocence so to indulge
In super-osculation.

W. W. Kent, '82.

TENNIS.

Kate and I were standing,
At tennis, May and Bob ;
I tried to make a swift return,
But only knocked a lob.
“To-day I’m playing ill,” I cried,
In penitence to Kate ;
The saucy maiden, eyeing me,
Asked scornfully, “Why date ?”

That evening, tennis over,
I went to say good-by ;
I saw that Kate was watching me
No longer scornfully.
“You crushed me quite this afternoon ;
To-night—you love me, Kate ?”
No longer haughtily but sweet,
She asked again, “Why date ?”

R. G. Butler, '83.

TO *'Av.*

O you artful Athenian jade,
I have toiled with you many a year,
And before I knew Bohn was in trade,
You may often have seen the mad tear
In my *el.*

O thou tricksy Athenian maid,
I have wooed thee for many a day,
And have questioned the recondite shade
Of the whimsical meaning that lay
In thine *el.*

O thou—what shall I call thee, my nymph?
The gray sages thy *'Av*tics bemoan,
And their eyes drop benevolent lymph,
When the callow Athenians groan
āv kāū el.

I will call thee *'Avnie*, my love,
For thy coyness but maddens my pace,
And when Grecians assemble above,
We'll come in at the head of the chase
'Av and el.
L. A. Swope, G. S.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

TABLE 5.—DESPAIR.

A stupid game, as I'm alive ;
What silly things grown folks will do !
For here I am at number five,
And Phyllis there at number two ;
And she'll move on, and I'll move on,
Nor meet until the game is done.

TABLE 4.—RESIGNATION.

Ten minutes gone ! a paltry space,
When there remain a hundred more.
Still Phyllis has not left her place,
So I am nearer than before.
Methought just now she looked this way,
But not—Beg pardon ! Yes, my play.

TABLE 3.—HOPE.

“Move on” again. Just half way through.
Hullo ! as I'm a lucky man,
There's Phyllis still at number two ;
And I'll be with her if I can
Contrive to gain just one place more.
Come, deal the cards ; let's see the score !

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

TABLE 2.—JOY.

Success ! and Phyllis still is there.
What's that she whispered as I passed ?
“To lose each trick she'd taken care ;
Was glad that I'd come at last.”
Who calls the game in aught remiss,
That brings one such reward as this ?

TABLE 1.—AND EVER AFTER.

Kind fortune smiled good-humoredly :
We reached the head; together stayed ;
And at the end claimed victory,
With gold-bespangled cards displayed.
What prize they gave, I quite forget :
The prize I *won* is cherished yet.

REVIEWER'S NOTE.

I've read the verses just above,
And like them very well ;
Except that they don't quite accord
With what *I* have to tell.
For I was once in just the box
Our poet got into ;
And like him when the game began,
Was feeling pretty blue.
But being cleverer than he,
Unto myself said I :

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

“I’ll play my cards quite recklessly,
And let the rest pass by;
And as the game progresses, she
(No need the name to tell)
Will at my table soon arrive,
And all will then be well.”
So far so good. I did my part,
And waited patiently.
But all in vain ; for she seemed stuck
At table number three.
And when at supper afterwards,
I made confession shy
Of how I’d purposely delayed,
She said : “ Why, so did I.”
So all I have to say is this :
(Advice one should not stint)
Such things do well enough in verse,
But—reader, take the hint.

T. L. Frothingham, '84.

A RECEIPT FOR AN IDYL.

When bosky June is at her height,
And various blossoms blooming,
Take a thick grove with wild-flowers dight,
Adorned by beetles booming.
Induce therein a man and maid,—
He carrying shawls and wrappings ;
And, 'neath some tree's convenient shade,
Let him outspread the trappings.

She should be pretty, sweet, and fond,
And given much to pursing
Of lips o'er little thoughts she's conned,
And quaint conceits she's nursing.
He should be handsome, *abbonnaire*,
A trifle shrewd and witty ;
Aux petits soins, sir, with the fair,
No rustic, but from city.

Then let them talk; throw in a spice
Of conscious affectation ;
Flavor with flirting, speeches nice,
And bashful hesitation.
A little glove for her to twirl,
A rose for her to finger,—
He should her parasol unfurl,
And o'er her bangles linger.

A RECEIPT FOR AN IDYL.

A bird is needed overhead,
A streamlet near them flowing ;
Her cheek might be a trifle red,
His smile amused be growing.
Then, when, at dusk, the careless breeze
Fails with the light diminished,
As home they loiter through the trees,
You'll find your idyl finished.

W. T.

The shepheard's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like heartlesse deare dismayed with thunders
sound.

Colin Clout.

Part V. **Fate.**

He pryketh through a faire forest:
Therein is many a wilde best
Xe bothe buck and hare.

ACHILLES' CHOICE.

Long years in Tempe's vale thou mayst enjoy,
My son, so peaceful none shall of them tell ;
But for thee at the gates of war-girt Troy
Fate waiteth fell.

Then, mother, I to far-famed Troy will go
Though on her plains unburied I shall lie ;
For better 'tis in death to live, I know,
Than, living, die.

A. C. Lane, '83.

IN THE WINTER, NO BIRDS SING.

“ Harper old, a love-song glad
Sing of knights with maidens wed !”
But the minstrel, thinly clad,
Smiling sadly, shook his head.

“ Fragrant apple blossoms blowing,
White and red, and sweet and pure,
Are the lyrics, bright and glowing,
Of the youthful troubadour.

“ But the frost-flakes with their glitter
White, like blossoms, but so cold,
Are the verses, vain and bitter,
Of the troubadour who's old.

“ I've forgotten love-songs glad
Of the knights with maidens wed.
I am poor and thinly clad ;
The man is old, the minstrel's dead !”

C. M. Thompson, '86.

SIR HARRY DALLINGER.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men all,
A gallant sight I see,—
Earl Malcolm, with three hundred knights,
Comes pricking o'er the lea.”

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
Some hammered their armour home,
When they were 'ware of a herald tall
Before their tents had come.

“ Now yield thee, yield thee, Dallinger,
Thy land, thy life's in fee ;
But if Earl Malcolm thou wilt serve
They shall be spared to thee.”

“ Oh, I am young and life is dear,
My lands are fair to see,
But more than life and more than lands
My honor is to me.

“ Earl Malcolm is a traitor foul,
He slew my own liege lord,
And I will fight him to the death,
Before I yield my sword ;

“ And if I fall this summer morn,
As fall full well I may,
Each loyal knight will braver fight,
When he recalls this day !”

Sir Harry raised his bugle bright
And wound it might and main,
And at the head of his fifty men
Went sounding o'er the plain.

SIR HARRY DALLINGER.

Oh, long, long was the summer morn,
And bitter was the fray,
And many a lord rode stoutly in
That never rode away;

But when at noon the sun stood high,
A rueful sight was seen :
Sir Harry and his fifty men
All lay upon the green.

Yet tell me, gallant gentlemen,
Do I not truly say
Each loyal knight will braver fight,
When he recalls this day?

A. M. Lord, '83.

THE SILENT LIFE.

Happy the man who has the poet's heart,
E'en though he lack the poet's golden tongue !
Happy is he who having never sung
And hopeless e'er to sing though but small part
Of those fair visions that before him start
Still lives within a world forever young,
Still walks high fancies, noble thoughts among,
And feels the influence which the planets dart.

His life is fed from pure, unfailing springs,
And silent flows, a stranger to unrest;
Like some deep stream that finds its voiceless
way

Amid the timorous haunts of all wild things,
And their unconscious beauty day by day
Mirrors within the quiet of its breast.

L. E. Gates, '84.

CONTENTION.

Three women complained and bewailed their
sad fate,
All three appeared wretched and disconsolate.
They had a dispute, and for judge came to me,
For each claimed the unhappiest lot of the three.

Then out spoke the first, a widow was she :
As her story was told she wept bitterly,
Soon after she wed, on the hard, cold sand,
His head on a rock, and kelp in his hand,
Her ill-fated husband some fishermen found ;
Cast up by the waves he lay lifeless and drowned.

The second advanced to tell her sad tale ;
She shed many tears, made many a wail.
One evening her love, as the sun went down,
Right boldly set out, but ne'er came back to town
She claimed for herself the unhappiest life,—
She had loved as a sweetheart, but never as wife.

The third stood forth. The sun sank low,
And turned her hair to a golden glow,
And lovely was she with her sad, blue eye.
“I’m the most unhappy,” she said with a sigh.
“I weep not for one who is dead and gone,
For no husband or lover do I make moan,
None dear to me has been brought home dead,
For I never have loved at all,” she said.

Winthrop Wetherbee, '87

THE ROYSTERER.

He sang a stave with merry throat,
Lithe and lusty was his note,
"Cheery be ye while ye live,
Death to all men cometh."
Gladsome was the mien he wore,
But Echo sang an octave lower,
"Death—to—all—men—cometh."

He tossed his foaming cup on high,
And sang with the wine-light in his eye,
"Here's to hell, and here's to heaven!
Here's to Satan and his thumbs !
Here's my sins to be forgiven
When Death comes."
Gladsome was the mien he wore,
But Echo sang an octave lower,
"When—death—comes."

W. A. Leahy, '88.

THE DANCING GIPSY.

Upon a mottled, tawny leopard-skin
Spread in the sunshine on the dusty ground,
Stood she,—a gipsy girl; and circled round
Sat dusky youths, and made a merry din
With wild, barbaric drums, while she, within,—
A graceful figure by no garments bound,—
Danced to the tambourine's discordant sound,
And mocked the instrument's delirious spin.

Outside the ring were grouped some Arab boys,
Who chattered glibly in the golden sun,
And sang weird strains of song by fits
and starts;
They seemed unconscious of the swelling noise,
Yet he alone was so,—her chosen one:
For all the rest, she danced upon their
hearts!

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

BIGOTRY.

With self as centre, and a radius long
Or short,—according to our length of wit,—
We draw a circle 'round, of dogmas strong,
And all the world must come inside of it.

C. F. Lummis, '81.

THE MODERN LORELEI.

Forth from the house of man goes young Despair
With wind-blown locks, and tired haunting eyes;
And down the moonlit meadow, on he flies
Muttering there is no God, no aid in prayer!
—A moss-banked stream flows melodizing care
With plaint of woman-hearted sobs and sighs;
Then, gathering, as in speechless sorrow, lies
In one deep pool—ah, sympathy is there!

So feels he, as with sombre thought he tries
To fathom depths o'erarched with maiden-hair,
Until he sinks, soothed by the lullaby,
To sleep eternally. The bubbles rise,
The waters kiss his limbs, while through the air,
Ripples the laughter of the Lorelei!

C. M. Thompson, '86.

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

The yellow lamplight pales: its waning glow
Beams mildly on crabbed Grecian letters old,
That crawl before me in the dusky cold,
And mock me with strange thoughts of long
ago.

Vague pictures on the night the shadows show :
Œdipus, now fate, confident and bold ;
Now blind, discrowned, blood stained, though
snowy-souled,—
A visage of unutterable woe.

The gathering ashes sink within the grate ;
A clock clangs twelve across the frosty yard,
Is still, and all is silent as before.
I rouse me from vain dreams of Grecian fate ;
Awake to feel, not dream, that life is hard,—
And stumble, drowsing, o'er the book-
spread floor.

W. G. Pellew, '80.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

Upon the bank the deep-red flower shone,
Amid the autumn grass, embrowned and sere;
A tiny dew-drop sparkled thereupon
In semblance of a tear.

Above, a flock of tardy birds took flight
Unto the meadows of a sunnier clime ;
And in the west gathered the gloomy night,—
The night of autumn time.

Beside, the river, flowing to the sea,
Made low lament, blown over by the breeze,
For summer's death ; and the same threnody
Sang the wind-shaken trees.

I did not pluck the flower that bloomed so fair,
But left it bannerwise, to swing and wave ;
To fade, and mingle with the wan grass there,
Over September's grave.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

THE WHEREWITHAL.

His garments brushed, his “neck-wear” tied,
He stood before his looking-glass,
And murmured, with an honest pride,
“There, now I rather think I’ll pass !”
Then added : “Would that I might ring
For a *coupé*, to make this call ;
Alas ! a horse-car is the thing
For us who lack the wherewithal.”

As through the crowded thoroughfare
With eager step he made his way,
He saw a flashing solitaire,
Which in a goldsmith’s window lay.
He thought, “Could I but see that ring
Adorn her hand, so soft and small !
But still, plain gold’s a better thing
For us who lack the wherewithal.”

With blind pulled down, and gas turned low,
He sat beside her, very near ;
With ardent fervor all aglow,
He breathed his passion in her ear.
She answered, while a pitying tear
From either eye prepared to fall :
“You’re handsome, clever, kind and dear,
But, ah ! you lack the wherewithal.”

E. S. Martin, '77.

YES? NO.

As I was at a party, 'twas but the other day,
I met a girl who mashed me in a very speedy
way.

But when I tried conversing, O nothing did she
say

But "Yes? Yes! Yes. Yes."

And so from her locality I hastily did dust,
And went up to another, when, much to my dis-
gust,

The uttermost she uttered was positively just
A "No? No! No. No."

Now I don't know what you think, but I must
call it queer,
For as far as I discovered, from all that did ap-
pear,
What the first girl meant by "Yes," ditto meant
the other dear.

A. C. Lane, '83.

GRAYBEARD.

Music, maidens, wine and flowers,
Give me these to grace the hours !
Music when my heart is sad,
Merry maids to make me glad,
Wine to warm me when I'm cold,
Flowers to cheer me when I'm old ;
From the red lips of the rose
In the fragrant breath that blows,
Though I'm wrinkled, though I'm gray,
'Twill recall the by-gone day
When some smiling maiden wore
It pinned on her pinafore ;
When our bright eyes glanced and met
In the mazy minuet,—
Music, maids, and flowers combine—
Ah ! old Graybeard, where's the wine ?
 Curse you, Time—fill up the glass !
I'll forget you while you pass.

Frank Dempster Sherman, '87.

IN CAP AND BELLS.

In cap and bells the jester sung
At court of king, and gayly flung
His sparkling jests at high and low,
And made the merry laughter flow
While yet our toiling world was young.

But now, ah! now, the songs that sprung
From lips of old, and blithely rung,
Are heard no more as long ago
In cap and bells.

Yet should I bring, who long have hung
O'er mirthful tales of those who clung
To "motly," but the faintest glow
Of their swift-flashing wit, I know
Not all in vain my lyre is strung
In cap and bells.

Clinton Scollard, G. S.

LOVE'S WARFARE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

At the first, love's but a duel
Fought with wits and lips and eyes
Oft so great the warrior's prowess
Each the other's prisoner lies.

At the last the one still rises,
One is captive, one is lord ;
One loves and adores, the other
Condescends to be adored.

H. S. Sanford, '88.

IN THE DUSK.

I do not know if she
Were dark or fair ;
Nor if her cheeks were red,
Or pale with care.

I know her lips were warm,
Her eyes were bright
With laughter as I kissed
Her grief from sight.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

OAK CLIFF.

Up from the dusty village street,
Through the gate o'er which the dark oaks meet,
Thick grown with mosses and trailing vines,
I enter the dear old place once more.
Calm and clear in the noontide still
Stand garden and orchard and wood-crowned
hill,
And, guarded by two great broad-boughed
pines,
The sunny house with its open door,
Fair in itself, and yet more fair
That the grace of memory lingers there.
Ah! the long, bright days in the deep-pathed
woods
And the meadow's sunny solitudes;
And the summer nights when the master's
hand
Charmed from the clavichord's silent keys
Sweet, half-forgotton old melodies,—
Who has not known them?—that bring the
pain
And the joy of lost boyhood back again,
And wide-eyed childhood's fairyland.
Dear old scenes, I know at last
Life's greatest mystery is the past.
The subtle grace of those days is fled;
That the fruit may grow the blossoms fall.
Yet the heart cannot think that this is all;
The spirit sleepeth, but is not dead.

OAK CLIFF.

Somewhere in God's hidden destinies
The child's fresh heart and the man's large
mind
Will meet and mingle, and we shall find
The secret of life's lost harmonies.

A. M. Lord, '83

MARI MAGNO.

On smoother tide the summer moon ne'er shone,
The steady reef-lights burn far out at sea;
The boat grates on the sand and then is gone :
"Farewell, farewell, the night so short will be,
And with the dawn I shall return to thee!"
"Return, return to thee!" echoes the smiling
sea.

The morning whitens over wave and sand,
The mist lifts up and hastens out to sea,
And others' lovers long have come to land;
But my own love returns no more to me.
"Returns no more, returns no more to me!"
Echoes the smiling sea, the careless, mocking
sea.

A. M. Lord, '83.

MY LODGING.

UHLAND.

A rare old host was lately mine,—
Would I were with him now !
A Golden Apple was his sign,
Upon a long green bough.

'Twas with the good Apple-Tree
That I was lodged that night ;
With dainty fare he nourished me,
And dew-drops sparkling bright.

There came into his cool, green house
Full many a light-winged guest ;
Gayly they hopped, and held carouse,
And sang their very best.

On the soft grass I went to sleep,—
The carpet Nature weaves ;
My host spread over me the deep,
Cool shadow of his leaves.

I asked him what the bill would be ;
He shook his leafy crown.
God bless the good old Apple-Tree,
And give him high renown !

Frederick Almy, '80.

ARACHNE'S SPINNING.

First in her art,
She wove apart,
None of them near her :
Marvellous was the feathery skein,
Pure as a new moon, soft as showers,
Pictured with images out of her brain,
A snare for the souls of the sweet young hours,
To seize them and hold them ere they could fly,
Prison them fast before they should die.

The women with wonder looked on, from afar,
At the gladness that clothed her as light
clothes a star,
While the mystical web crept o'er land and sea ;
But hers was the rapture,
Hers was the vision,
New pulses of life, joy's sting in each beat,
Gloom changed to glory, grief turned to glee,—
Such power had her weaving, e'en evil seemed
sweet ;
But ever, in beauty most complete,
The web, which haunted all beautiful things,—
The blessed peace of the star-sown skies,
The ether empurpled with Asian dyes,
The track on the sea of the wind's jewelled
feet,—
Ever the web with a lovlier charm
About one form slowly hovered and hung,
In a silence sweet as a song that is sung ;
With a clinging grace,
Swept over an arm,

ARACNE'S SPINNING.

Breathed on a face,—
Oh, that was a God's, in truth !
Spinning her life in a magical skein,
Weaving it out of her heart and brain,
She stopped one day :
Sudden gusts of damp air came,
Fitful guesses of unseen shame,
Her hand lost its cunning, her eye grew dim;
Rent by the storm, defiled, blown back,
The web wound its meshes round every limb,—
Left her a prey in the tempest's track.
Hers was the rapture,
Hers was the vision :
Hers was the capture,
Hers the derision.
On every side, below, above,
She heard the dread mocking that cometh late:
"Ah, yes, you wove the web of love,
But you trod the loom of fate."

G. E. Woodberry, '77.

TWO FACES.

A. D. 1587.

One was a face that men would die to kiss,
Tender and proud and winsome, all in one ;
With soft dark hair that seemed of shadows
spun,
And eyes whose underpain no heart could miss.
The other was an opposite of this—
A face to fear, but not a face to love ;
Whose lips of scorn spoke like the eyes above,—
Lips that might smile, perchance, but with a hiss.

Just two dead faces looking from the Past—
That past of gray and shame's sad monotone—
And lo ! we hear the cries and shouts of
praise ;
We see the shadows on the scaffold cast.
Yet, through the mist that o'er the year is
blown,
Truth is not seen, tho' after many days.

A. B. Houghton, '86.

TO FRANCOIS VILLON.

“Mais où sont les neiges d'antan ?”

“Where is fled the last year's snow?”
Poet, didst thou, then, not know
Where the powdery snow-flakes go?
Learn thou from a later rhyme
That the snows of yester-year,
When from earth they disappear,
Bleach the locks of Father Time.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

LINKS IN AUTUMN.

In the cold fields, where long dry grasses blow,
A flock of blackbirds whirl like flurried snow,
Resyllabbling the eve's autumnal glow
 In music new ;
The vital voices guarding their safe breast
Cheapen the dear light and the starry rest
Of these broad, screening hollows round their
nest,
 And haste their wings
To flight, while every careless motion sings,
 “We're naught to you !”

LINES IN AUTUMN.

Against the south, far off, a lofty line
Of wild-fowl beat the horizon's bright incline,
In strong and rapid course ; above them shine
 Broad clouds on fire ;
Before them rise the hills of happier lands,
Where deep in flowers the year-long summer
 stands,
Lifting the welcome of her fair, sweet hands
 To guide them on ;
And from them, too, the same light words I won
 To kill desire.

And were they nought then ? Ah, while no man
 thinks,
As each hour by its elder brother sinks,
The chain of being snaps its golden links
 To bind our souls ;
Too oft I see, caught in stern memory's snare,
Those happy birds in the chill fields,—that fair,
Dark wedge of life cut the illumined air ;
 And when their flight
Is lost in the dimmed sky, on my lorn sight
 The void air rolls.

G. E. Woodberry, '77.

TO A CRITIC.

What if he only strove to catch
 The measure of old melodies ?
What if he only raised the latch
That opes the way to the retreat
 Of fantasies and harmonies,
The crew that man the Muse's fleet ?

What harm was there ? He pleased himself
 And wronged no man in any wise ;
He sang not for renown nor pelf,
But softly, gently, as one may
 Who in the midst of sorrow tries
By song to drive the pain away.

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

FRENCH EPIGRAM.

What is the tomb ? The wardrobe where the
 soul,—
The curtain fallen and the audience gone,—
Lays by the garb in which he plays his rôle,
 As Masks return their borrowed robes to pawn.

Lloyd McKim Garrison, '88.

A RIME OF THE CHILL WEATHER.

SCOTLAND, A. D. II—.

It was the time of the chill weather ;
The trees they shook with cold,
Till the snow flew down, like a dove-feather,
On forest and on wold.

Through all the days of the chill weather
A knight is riding fast,
Through whitened wood and white heather,
Till he is hame at last.

O'er the battlements, in the chill weather
There shines a yellow flame,—
“Oh, wood and pitch they burn together
To light me to my hame.”

To the iron gate, in the chill weather
He rides, in paces slow,
“My house, it is warm in the keen weather,
Its ashes melt the snow.”

A chill, not born of the chill weather,
Strikes him from feet to head :
“My wife, my child, are they well, together ?”
“Fair sir, they both are dead.”

Then droops the plume of his helm-feather,
Then droops his darksome face ;
He rides back into the chill weather,—
God grant him of his grace !

T. P. Sanborn, '86.

TO OMAR.

Across the years, as winds blow, comes his song,
 Sad as the bitter cry wrung from the heart
 Of one who straight from love itself must part,
And, helpless, plod a hated way along.
A song of mournful cadence—All is wrong !
 Nothing but wine to drown the haunting pain
 That, once forgot, still comes and comes again.
Ah ! but to sleep. Yet dreams to sleep belong.

Driven by fate, as slaves are sent, we go—
 Whither we care not, whither no one knows—
 Treading a path that leads through barren
 lands.

Roses of red and white, perchance, may blow :
 They can but wither as this dead flower shows.
 Come, let us drink, till halting Death com-
 mands.

A. B. Houghton, '86.

EXAMPLE.

Thou canst not others' fetters break
 While thou remain'st a slave ;
The thoughtless others thoughtless make,
 The brave make others brave.

And even the weakest in the fight
 Wear valor's noblest charm,
Who pray, not for a sword more light,
 But for a stronger arm.

A. M. Lord, '83.

REQUIEM.

Beyond the stream the black roofs rise
Against the fathomless sky of night ;
Like a beast asleep the city lies,
Asleep with half of its thousand eyes,
While the other half gleam bright.

The broad, dark stream flows noiseless by
To the ocean, bearing down
In its silent course 'neath the silent sky,
A dream of flowers, and of waving rye,
And a peaceful country town.

There comes the sound of a distant bell,
And the light wind overhead,
Sighs as the faint tones lingering swell,
Whispering, " Hark, 'tis a midnight knell,—
Yonder a man is dead."

R. H. Fuller, '88.

BURNT LETTERS.

They've gone ! the last faint spark
Has up the chimney fled,
While I sit in the dark,
And day is dead.

They came as dearest guests
Bidden to festal cheer ;
So went,—my quips and jests
Masking a tear.

The fleet that Xerxes fired,
Virginia's death by steel,
Doubtless a pang inspired
Like this I feel.

Gone, did I say ? But hold,
There lies a singèd scrap
Like some poor moth o'erbold
'Scaped from the trap.

From Chloë, fond remark,
"Mon cœur à toi," she said ;
But—I sit in the dark
And day is dead.

W. W. Kent, '82.

LAW OF CONTRARIES.

She was timid, tender, shy;
She was slender, blue of eye,
 While a dimple
Added to her loveliness
Charm elusive; and her dress—
 Neatly simple.

He was burly, kindly, bluff;
Deep his voice, his beard was rough,
 Brown and shaggy.
In a parlor—ill at ease,
With his trousers at the knees
 Rather baggy.

But he won the gentle maid :—
Men were so astonished, they'd
 Give a whistle!
She was captured—when he sought,
Like a wind-blown kerchief caught
 On a thistle.

C. M. Thompson, '86.

Il y avait un gars nommé Sam,
Qui n'avait qu'un mot,—ce fut “damn.”
 Mais après sa sortie
 Fut fait de la vie,
Damné remplaça le damn.

'81.

FLORINA.

Florina, queen of lions, rightly named !
She, who in Florence many years agone
Dwelt, the fair city's wonder, who, unarmed,
Save with a petty scourge, dared enter in
The den of lions, and, with a steadfast look
That drove the kingly brutes in terror back,
Would lay her hand upon their tawny manes,
Stroke their huge fronts, and—crowningfeat of
all—
Opening their massive jaws, would place within
The glory of her golden-tressed head.
Yet this imperial creature, born to rule,
Who walked a goddess 'mongst the common
throng,
Was but a woman, and did yearn for love,
And with a woman's wilfulness had given
The royal treasure of her trustful heart
Unto a weak, slight man who served with her,
Entering the lions' den when she had cowed
The snarling beasts to safety. Dazzled quite
By this great gift which princes sought in vain,
He swore he loved her, dreaming it was true.
But, since she was the greater, and man ever
Seeks one to cling unto him and look up
In adoration, blind, unquestioning,
He wearied of her, and in secrecy
Sought out another, who was all he asked.
But, noting with the quick, unfailing eye

FLORINA.

Of jealousy the waning of his love,
Florina followed him, thick-veiled, unknown,
Across the Arno to a vineyard perched
Above the city on a windy hill ;
There witnessed the fond meeting 'twixt the two,
Hear'd all the whispered words of tenderness,—
The petty chidings for his long delay.
Awhile she stood, half-stunned, half-doubting
still,
Her cheek all bloodless, and her heart
Beating as beat her lions' when they raged
Harmless against her. Then she crouched,
Fingering her dagger, ready for the leap,
The blow that should avenge her ; but, at last,
Turned, tottering, and silent groped her way
Down the long hill, facing the blood-red west,
Hearing alone the Campanile's voice,
Whose brazen accents seemed to shout “Re-
venge !”
That night the very lions shared her mood ;
Savage beyond their nature, they did crouch
And roar and show their hideous fangs, until
Some timid women, looking on, cried out,
“ She must not do it, she will lose her life ! ”
And fainted outright when at last she stood,
With false Guiseppe (knowing nothing still),
Fearless and smiling, 'mong the monstrous cats.
Ah ! how she scourged them, like a Fury crazed

FLORINA.

With hate of all that's mortal, till the beasts,
Frenzied with anguish, driven mad with pain,
Leaped in a body at her,—one, more bold,
Tearing her shapely arm. Out gushed the blood,
Which having seen and tasted, all was o'er.
"We're lost!" screamed poor Guiseppo. "Yes ;
'tis true,"

She answered calmly : "and so were we both
When you grew faithless." Then, with her own
hands

She hurled him 'mongst the writhing, roaring
hell

Of fangèd monsters ravenous for their prey ;
Then stood, all pitiless, with folded arms,
Letting them work their will. But suddenly
Guiseppo cries, still battling for his life,
"Florina, save me ! for the dear Christ's sake !
For our old love !" Then, at these mighty words,
Her woman's heart woke in her, and the thought
Of all he once had been flashed through her brain,
Melting her pride as rivers melt in May.

Forward she sprang, and from the craunching
jaws

Tore him, still breathing, pushed him through
the door,

Barring the way herself while life remained,
Then died, all saved excepting her alone.
But from that day Guiseppo could not bear

FLORINA.

Sight of the other,—never saw her more,
But gave his life up to the memory
Of his lost love, the unprized peerless one,
Who by her mercy thus had won revenge.

C. T. Dasey, '81.

THE SONGLESS SINGER.

*Ma or convien, che il mio seguir desista
Piu dietro a sua bellezza poetando,
Come all' ultimo suo ciascuno artista.*

DANTE, *Paradiso*, xxx. 31-33.

He wandered down the paths of spring ;
The wind played through the trees ;
He heard the birds above him sing,
And the busy hum of bees :
The brooklet at his feet he heard,
But a song within more clear
And sweeter far than brook or bird
Fell soft upon his ear.

THE SONGLESS SINGER.

By night the stars spake to his thought,
With tears they filled his eyes ;
For he with finer sense had caught
The cadence of the skies.
Yet, as the echoes rolled along
From every circling sphere,
The echo of a sweeter song
Rang in his listening ear.

He read the words of poets old,
With love and pathos sweet,—
Brave ballads, sung by mouths of gold,
That stir the pulse's beat ;
He sang them till his bosom burned,
But ever whispered near,
A strain no human lips had learned
Fell faint upon his ear.

My lips shall learn this song, he thought,
The world has left unsung ;
But straight the words that all unsought
Had trembled on his tongue,
Fled fast, as dreams at break of day
Grow dim and disappear,
And the whispered music far away
Fell faint upon his ear.

THE SONGLESS SINGER.

A fair ideal, all unwon,
It came not at his will.
Day after day the task begun
Haunted his fancy still.
And when the years had proved in vain
His toil and hope and fear,
Death left the still unuttered strain
Faint echoing in his ear.

But now, perchance, no longer mute,
His lips unsealed begin
With sweet accord of harp and lute
The song long heard within ;
And far above the listening throng
Rings out divinely clear
The echo of the unheard song
That charmed his mortal ear.

T. C. Pease, '75.

“God of science and of light,
Apollo, through thy great might,
This littell last book now thou gie
* * * * *
Yet make it somewhat agreeable
Though some verse fayle in a syllable.”

Chaucer.



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